

# Music & Letters

*A Quarterly Publication*

Edited by

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

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# *Music and Letters*

OCTOBER 1936

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Volume XVII

No. 4

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## EDITORIAL

MUSIC AND LETTERS completes with this number its seventeenth year. I have decided that the time has come for it to have a new editor. He will be Mr. Eric Blom, well known as a music critic and editor of books, a man whose judgment we trust and whose careful work we admire; and would it be out of place to add, whose company we esteem? That, at least, is my own feeling, and I think it is shared by many who know him, and will be endorsed by more who will now come to do so. The editor will have the free hand he has always had, and the course of the magazine will be untouched by control or suggestion, after the outgoing editor has thrown the painter in the bows and pushed her head out.

I gave myself the pleasure of inviting as many as I could, of those who have been our chief well-wishers and contributors, to meet in this number now before you. Almost all accepted. One would have written, but had for the moment no subject—a thing that may happen to the best of us; another had the subject, but it wouldn't come to hand properly. And another—ah, that is sad!—tried to come, but was prevented at the last moment: Plunket Greene would have rounded off this party in the way he has so often done others; whatever the subject, he would have been sure to leave us thinking happily about music and kindly about our neighbours. And there is one more who would have contributed a wise word in any meeting of musicians,

whom it was no use asking but whom we do not forget, Sir Henry Hadow.

There will be no need of introductions as we have all met before, and most of the names in the Table of Contents are among the foremost in English musicology. The only trouble is that the room will not hold them all, even after postponing, as seemed best, the usual reviews of books and periodicals, though keeping Mr. Oldman's indispensable Register; so there will have to be an overflow meeting, if my successor agrees, in the January number. I thank them all for their past kindness and present friendliness—and for favours to come.

And in thanking the subscribers to the magazine for their constant support, I would remind them that if they have now and then had pleasure in reading it, they have, by keeping it in being, given quite as much pleasure to many who borrowed what they could not afford to buy. Some have subscribed from the very beginning, and they now possess a marketable article. If they are ill able to spare the shelf-room—and in that respect the magazine begins now to compete with Dickens, and even Scott—they may like to know that there are frequent requests from libraries for the complete back numbers. In answer to enquiry, by the by, the Index has appeared every five years, in October, 1924, 1929 and 1934; and in 1934 there was also an Index of Reviews of books.

X It is best to leave a thing off before one gets too tired to do it properly. One is sorry all the same to say goodbye to a job out of which has come much information and interest, and perhaps a little wisdom.

*A. H. Fox Strangways*







## PORTRAITS OF BACH

THE April, 1935, number of the New York *Musical Quarterly* contains an article by Mr. Joseph Muller on 'Bach's Portraits' whose conclusions are in some cases open to question and in others require correction. Here in a brief note I can only criticise him on one point and clarify what he calls the 'mystery' of another.

How often did the Dresden artist Elias Gottlieb Haussmann paint Bach? Mr. Muller wrongly attributes to him three oil portraits—one now owned by the firm of Peters at Leipzig; a 'hypothetical second' (which he is unable to trace); and a third (the 'so-called second') painted in 1746, now in the Old Town Hall at Leipzig. One of the three, but indisputably not the last, belonged to Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach at Hamburg and is listed in the catalogue of pictures and manuscripts compiled by his widow (1790) after his death. Mr. Muller identifies it with the Peters canvas and therein is in error.

The Peters portrait is figured in colours in the third edition of *Grove*. It was sold to the firm in 1886 by Alfred Grenser, who gave with it a certificate that it had remained in the possession of 'the Bach family at Leipzig' until about 1828 ('um 1828') when his father bought it from a granddaughter of Bach living in that city. If the statement is reliable the picture could show a continuous and sound record from Bach's death in 1750 till Peters' acquisition of it in 1886. In fact it is open to criticism. For ten years before the alleged date of Grenser's purchase Bach's family was extinct in Leipzig. His Hamburg granddaughter, Carl Philipp Emanuel's only daughter, died in 1804, nearly a quarter of a century before that transaction. Moreover she was the sole member of the family in a position to sell an authentic Haussmann canvas formerly in her father's collection. The Grenser-Peters portrait in fact was not painted by Haussmann, is not the painting listed in Carl Philipp Emanuel's catalogue, and has neither contemporary nor original authority. Some seven years ago it was submitted to a searching examination by Professor Kippenberg, whose findings are recorded in both the English and German editions of my *Bach: a Biography*. His conclusion was decisive ('unumstösslich') that the picture was painted early in the nineteenth century from a copperplate engraving executed

in 1774 by S. G. Kütner, a drawing-master of the Lettish town Mitau in Russia. Born in the year of Bach's death (1750), Kütner can have had no personal knowledge of his subject and took for his model Haussmann's second (and only other) portrait painted in 1746, from which he achieved a most unpleasing likeness.

Since the Haussmann picture formerly in Carl Philipp Emanuel's collection is not the portrait owned by Messrs. Peters, the veritable canvas must be sought for elsewhere and is found, bearing Haussmann's signature, among the treasures of that paragon of Bach collectors, Herr Manfred Gorke formerly of Eisenach and now in Leipzig. He will in due course himself divulge the history of its acquisition. I am at liberty only to say that it is a powerful likeness executed in 1722 when Haussmann and Bach were both in Leipzig, the one pursuing his profession and the other engaged in his candidature for the vacant Cantorship.

The Haussmann picture was not the only likeness of his father in Carl Philipp Emanuel's possession. Writing from Hamburg on April 10, 1774, apparently to his friend Johann Nikolaus Forkel, he says: 'My father's portrait is done in pastel and is one of more than 150 professional musicians in my collection. I had it brought here from Berlin by sea, for pictures of its kind in dry pigments cannot stand shaking.' <sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Muller, who refers to but does not quote this statement, can only say that he thinks it 'safe to assume that the pastel did exist.' But why should he reject Carl Philipp Emanuel's positive information? Indeed, like the fugitive Haussmann, the pastel is in the collection of Herr Manfred Gorke, who generously permits me to reproduce it here. The artist is unknown, but he must have executed it before Carl Philipp Emanuel received his Hamburg appointment in November, 1767. Evidently it was drawn from life and reveals the characteristic features of Bach's physiognomy—the full cheeks, heavy jaws, and slight deformity of the left nasal lobe. The kindly eyes bear no indication of the blindness which later afflicted them. The picture is that of a man of about sixty and so represents 'Old Bach' as he presented himself to Frederick the Great at Potsdam in 1747. The execution of the pastel is delicate and colourful and it measures 48×38.8 centimetres. It bears a close resemblance to the contemporary pencil sketch of Bach (so long in the possession of the Borman family) which forms the frontispiece of my *The Origin of the Family of Bach Musicians* (1929).

C. SANFORD TERRY.

<sup>(1)</sup> C. H. Bitter, *Carl Philipp Emanuel und Wilhelm Friedemann Bach und deren Brüder*, vol. II, p. 296.

## THE LIBRETTO OF HÄNDEL'S 'JUPITER IN ARGOS'

THE decline of Italian opera in England, Händel's illness during the summer of 1737, the death of one of his kindest patrons, Queen Caroline, on the 20th of November of the same year—all these mark the beginning of a transition period in Händel's musical style. Worn out by financial reverses and by the demands his operatic ventures had made upon him, he turned to smaller dramatic works, instrumental music, the oratorio, and the pasticcio in the hope of finding a form of entertainment that would please a public, fickle and bored with the then current type of amusement. It was during this period of mental and financial depression that Händel completed the pasticcio, *Jupiter in Argos*.

The *London Daily Post* (April 26, 1739) advertised that: 'On Tuesday next, May 1st, will be perform'd, at the King's Theater in the Haymarket, a dramatical composition called "Jupiter in Argos." Intermix'd with Choruses, and 2 Concertos on the organ. To begin at 7.' This notice was carried in the same journal until the 30th of April. The period between the 1st and 7th of May is not represented in the only available set of this newspaper<sup>(1)</sup>; so that it is impossible to ascertain whether or not this work was performed.<sup>(2)</sup> Chrysander's conjecture<sup>(3)</sup> that performances may have been given on the 1st and 5th of May is based upon a notice in the above journal (April 19, 1739) which reports the arrival of a Signora Busterla, an eminent Italian singer, scheduled to appear after Easter of that year under Händel's direction. Of Händel's activities from the 1st of May until the 17th of November, 1739, practically nothing is known. The latter date is the first indication we have that he had moved to another theatre, the Theater Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and that his Ode for *St. Cecilia's Day* would be performed on the 22nd of November.<sup>(4)</sup>

. . . . .

During the enumeration of the libretti of Händel's dramatic works, to be included in a thematic index of the complete works of Händel,

(1) In the Burney Collection of the British Museum.

(2) From May 8, the notice does not appear again in the *London Daily Post*.

(3) In *G. F. Händel* (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel, 1919—2nd ed.), ii, 453.

(4) Among other works (*London Daily Post*, November 17, 1739).

I fortunately discovered the source of the *Jupiter in Argos* libretto (see Fig. 1):

*Giove / in / Argo / Melodrama Pastorale /  
per Commando / Di S. R. M. / D'Augusto II. /  
Re di Polonia, E Elettore / di Sassonia. /  
Da rappresentarsi in Musica nella Sala /  
del Ridotto in Dresda, / L' Autunno del 1717. /  
Dresda, alla Stamparia della Corte, per  
Giovann Riedel.*

Two versions of this libretto exist; the first, in the Library of Congress,<sup>(5)</sup> and the second, in the Sächsische Landesbibliothek.<sup>(6)</sup> In both, Antonio Lotti is given as the composer, and Antonio Maria Abbate Luchini, as the librettist. In the following list of characters, it will be seen that the part of *Cleone* (v. f.n. 10) was a later thought, appearing only in the LC libretto. It may be assumed, therefore, that the Dresden libretto which does not mention this character is the earlier (1717). This assumption is further borne out by the fact that when *Cleone's* part does appear in the LC libretto, it is found as an Appendix to the whole libretto, with directions in manuscript for the insertion of the part in the various places in the body of the work.

*Arete*, pastore poi riconosciuto per Giove—Il Signor Francesco Bernardi, detto Senesino.

*Iside*, Figlia d'Inaco, destinata Sposa d'Osiri—La Signora Santa Stella Lotti.<sup>(7)</sup>

*Erasto*, Pastore riconosciuto per Osiri Re d'Egitto—Il Signor Matteo Berscelli.

*Calisto*, Figlia di Licaone—(a) La Signora Antonia Maria Laurenti detta Coralli.<sup>(8)</sup> (b) La Signora Margherita Catterina Zani.<sup>(9)</sup>

*Diana*, Dea delle Selve—(a) La Signora Vittoria Tesi.<sup>(8)</sup> (b) La Signora Lucia Gaggi.<sup>(9)</sup>

*Licaone*, Tiranno d'Arcadia, in abito di Pastore—Il Signor Francesco Guicciardi, Virtuoso di S.A.S. di Modena.

*Cleone*, Pastore—Il Signor Giuseppe Maria Boschi.<sup>(10)</sup>

(5) Washington, D.C., U.S.A. (Schatz 5719), hereafter cited as LC.

(6) Dresden, Germany (Lit. Ital. D. 299).

(7) Antonio Lotti's wife.

(8) According to LC libretto.

(9) According to Dresden libretto, quoted in Charlotte Spitz's *Antonio Lotti in seiner Bedeutung als Opernkomponist* (Borna-Leipzig, Robert Noske, 1918), p. 66.

(10) Who had created the part of Argante in Händel's opera, *Rinaldo*, at its first performance in London on February 24, 1711, and for whom Händel may have possibly written the extraordinary basso part of Polifeme in his *Act, Galatea, e Polifeme*, composed at Naples in 1709, a portion of which was used later in *Rinaldo*.



**GIOVE**  
in  
**ARGO**  
Melodrama Pastorale

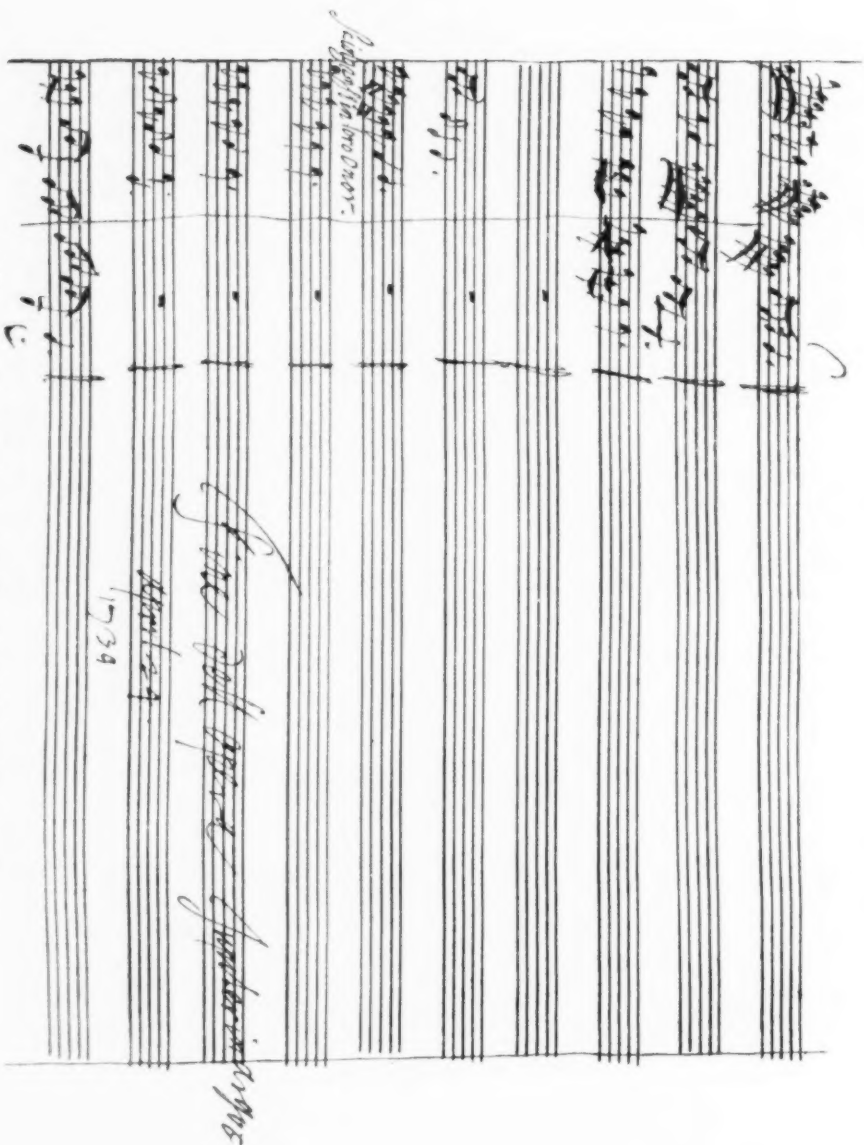
per Commando  
*Di S. R. M.*  
**D' AUGUSTO II.**  
Re di Polonia, & Elettore  
di Sassonia,

*Da rappresentarsi in Musica nella Sala  
del Ridotto in Dresda,*

L'Autunno del 1717.



DRESDA, alla Stamparia della Corte, per GIOVAN RIEDEL.



The final page of the autograph of Handel's Jupiter in Argos  
By courtesy of the Directors of the Fitzwilliam Museum

*Vespetta*, Damigella d' Iside—La Signora Livia Constantini.<sup>(11)</sup>  
*Milo*, Servo di Licione—Il Signor Lucrezio Borsari.<sup>(12)</sup>

Lotti's *Giove in Argo* was first performed on October 25, 1717, the composer having departed from Venice with his company on September the 5th.<sup>(12)</sup> The performance must, therefore, have been hastily rehearsed and staged. This work was repeated during the opening celebration of the 'Neuen Opernhauses' on September 3rd, 1719.<sup>(13)</sup> We know that Händel was visiting in Dresden at that time, since a certain Count Flemming complains in a letter to Händel's pupil, Melusine von Schulenburg, that Händel's social obligations were tested and found sadly wanting.<sup>(14)</sup> It is also known that Händel received one hundred ducats for a performance on the harpsichord by command of the King and the Crown Prince.<sup>(15)</sup>

Händel's prime purpose, however, in going to Dresden, was to engage singers for the newly-formed Royal Academy of Music in London. In Dresden he engaged Senesino, Berselli, Boschi—all of whom had appeared in Lotti's *Giove in Argo*—and two women, Durastanti and Salvai.<sup>(16)</sup> Händel undoubtedly heard this work performed, and most certainly obtained a libretto for future use. Several manuscript versions of Lotti's work exist,<sup>(17)</sup> but we shall concern ourselves here with the libretto only.<sup>(18)</sup>

The following are the manuscript sources of Händel's *Jupiter in Argos*; of the copies, (2) is the later one, and was probably derived from (1):

#### AUTOGRAPH

- (1) Fitzwilliam Museum (Cambridge, Engl.):<sup>(19)</sup> 30 H 8 pp. 35-53 (pp. 42, 48 and 50 are blank).
- (2) Fitzwilliam Museum: 30 H 8 pp. 87-88.
- (3) British Museum (London, Engl.):<sup>(19)</sup> R. M. 20. d. 2 ff. 15-16.

(11) 'Virtuosi di S. M. il Re di Polonia & Elettor di Sassonia.'

(12) Moritz Fürstenau, *Zur Geschichte der Musik und Theaters . . . zu Dresden* (Dresden, Rudolf Kunze, 1862), ii, 101.

(13) Fürstenau, *op. cit.*, ii, 138 ff.

(14) The letter is dated October 6, 1719, from Dresden, and is quoted by Chrysander, *op. cit.*, ii, 16-17, f.n. 2.

(15) Moritz Fürstenau's 'Georg Friedrich Händel' (*Dresdner Journal*, February 16, 1860).

(16) Fürstenau, *Zur Geschichte . . .* ii, 133.

(17) (a) Dresden (Sächsische Landesbibliothek): Ms. c. B. 435.

(b) Dresden (Sächsische Landesbibliothek): Ms. c. B. 436 (without *Recitativi*).

(c) Berlin (Preussische Staatsbibliothek): Ms. 13201.

(d) Washington, D.C. (Library of Congress): M.1500.L.88.G.5 (a copy of the Berlin Ms., prepared under the direction of Oscar Sonneck).

(e) München (Bayerische Staatsbibliothek): Mus. Ms. 510a.

(18) A collation of the Lotti and Händel scores will appear in a future paper.

(19) Fitzwilliam Museum is hereafter cited as FM; British Museum, as BM; and the Newman Flower Collection, as NF.

## COPIES

- (1) Newman Flower Collection (Sevenoaks, Kent):<sup>(19)</sup> A Smith transcript, formerly in the Aylesworth collection.<sup>(20)</sup>

In the list which follows, an attempt will be made to reconstruct, at least partially, the framework of this pasticcio.<sup>(21)</sup> Also indicated in Händel's use of the Luchini libretto<sup>(22)</sup>:

'Atto 2, Scena 1, Luogo boscareccio con capanne, ruscelli ed amenità di colline.'

(1) CORO (text only): *Care aelue*. Not in LC. It is possible that Händel intended to insert here a choral version of the *Arioso* for Soprano in HG 87: 8.<sup>(23)</sup>

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

(2) RECITATIVO (Licaone): *Imbelli Dei; sui via scagliate*. In LC: Act 1, Scene 1.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

(8) ARIA (Licaone): *Affanno tiranno*. Not in LC. This bass aria appears in HG 50: 129 and in HG 53: 69. Händel's direction for its insertion is: 'Aria, Licaone, Affanno Tiranno ex Cantata.'<sup>(24)</sup>

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

'Scena 2.'

(4) CORO: *O quanto bella gloria*. Not in LC. This chorus appears in HG 56: 61, 74 and in HG 84: 25, 42.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

(5) RECITATIVO (Diana): *Della gran caccia fede*. Not in LC.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

(6) ARIA (Diana): *Non ingannarmi, nò conforto del mio sen*.<sup>(25)</sup> Not in LC. (G major)

FM: 30 H 8 p. 35

BM: R M 20 d 2 ff. 15-16

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 123-128

'Scena 3.'

(7) ARIA (Iside): *Dite dovè, che fà*. Not in LC. This aria appears for contr'alto in HG 76: 50.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 36

(8) RECITATIVO (Iside): *Fra il silenzio*. In LC: Act 1, Scene 2.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 36

<sup>(20)</sup> See Newman Flower's 'Händel's "Jupiter in Argos"' in *Händel-Jahrbuch 1928* (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel, 1929), i, 60-67; and the same author's *George Frideric Handel* (London, The Waverley Book Co., 1923), p. 257, f.n.

<sup>(21)</sup> That this work is a pasticcio, will be seen from the number of borrowings from Händel's previous works, which are mentioned in the reconstruction.

<sup>(22)</sup> The LC version.

<sup>(23)</sup> That is, in the edition of the *Händel-Gesellschaft*, vol. 87, p. 8.

<sup>(24)</sup> Correcting the mistaken attribution in A. H. Mann's *Catalogue of the Music in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge* . . . (London, C. J. Clay and Sons, 1893), p. 177.

<sup>(25)</sup> Not the same as HG 91: 54 (*Non ingannarmi, cara speranza*); v. A. H. Mann, *op. cit.*, p. 177.

(9) Directions to repeat (7).

FM: 30 H 8 p. 36

'Scena 4, Arete ed Iside che dorme.'

(10) RECITATIVO (Arete): *Iside qui fra dolce*. In LC: Act 1, Scene 4.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 36

(11) ARIA (Arete): *Deh! v'aprite*. Not in LC. This aria appears for Soprano in HG 60: 74, but is to be sung in the pasticcio in F.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 36

(12) RECITATIVO (Iside; Arete): *Olà chi mi soccorre*. In LC: Act 1, Scene 4.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 37

(13) ARIA (Iside): *Da tuoi begl'occhi imparo*. Not in LC. This aria appears for Soprano in HG 88: 13.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 37

(14) DUET (Iside; Arete): *Vado e vivo*. Not in LC. This duet for two mezzo sopranos is from HG 91: 80, and is to be sung in the pasticcio in A.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 37

'Scena 5.'

(15) ARIA (Calisto): *Tutta raccolta ancor*. Not in LC. Appears as an Arioso for Soprano in HG 71: 41.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 38

(16) RECITATIVO (Calisto): *Abbi pistoso cielo*. Not in LC.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 38

'Scena 6.'

(17) RECITATIVO (Erasto; Calisto): *Alfin eccomi a quello meta*. In LC: Act 1, Scene 5.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 38

(18) ARIA (Calisto): *Mio caro amato padre*. Not in LC. Händel's direction states that this aria is to be taken from his opera *Giustino* (HG 88); this text, however, does not appear in that opera, nor does it exist in Händel's vocal works. Händel may have referred to HG 88: 57.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 38

'Scena 7.'

(19) RECITATIVO (Erasto; Arete): *Credo, che quella bella*. Not in LC.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 39

(20) ARIA (Arete): *Simplicetto! a donna credi?* Not in LC. Appears as an aria for Tenor in HG 88: 38.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 39

' *Scena 8, Erasto Solo.*'

(21) RECITATIVO (Erasto): *Che intesi mai!* In LC: Act 1, Scene 6.<sup>(26)</sup>

FM: 30 H 8 p. 40

(22) ARIA (Erasto): *Al par della mia sorte.* Not in LC. Appears as an aria for Contr'alto in HG 89: 16.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 40

' *Scena 9, Iside Solo.*'

(23) RECITATIVO (Iside): *Una cara promessa dell odio mio.* In LC: Act 1, Scene 7.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 41

(24) ARIA (Iside): *Combattuta da due venti.* Not in LC. Appears as an aria for Soprano in HG 91: 62.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 41

(25) ARIA (Diana): *In braccio al tuo spavento.* In LC: Act 3, Scene 4. Händel has accommodated this text to the aria *Se ricordar ten vuoi* from his opera *Imeneo*; two versions of the latter text appear: HG 93: 85 (in B flat) and HG 93: 87 (in A). Another version, at present unpublished, is found in FM: 30 H 8 pp. 25-27. It is not unlikely that Händel intended that this unpublished version should be used in the pasticcio, but in F major; it should be remembered that he composed *Jupiter in Argos* during the period in which *Imeneo* was being written. It may also be significant that the autograph fragment of *Jupiter in Argos* follows that of *Imeneo* in the Fitzwilliam Museum MSS.

FM: 30 H 8 pp. 43-46

FM: 30 H 8 pp. 25-27

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 109v-114

' *Atto 3<sup>ro</sup>, Scena 5<sup>a</sup>.*'

(26) RECITATIVO (Calisto): *Priva d' ogni conforto invendicato il Padre.* Not in LC. (Ends in a half-close in F sharp minor.)

FM: 30 H 8 p. 47

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 114-116

(27) ARIA (Calisto): *Ah! non son io che parlo.* Not in LC. Appears as an aria for Soprano in HG 80: 103 and HG 84: 46.

FM: 30 H 8 p. 47

(28) RECITATIVO (Soprano): *Non è d' un alma grande.* Not in L.C. (F minor.)

FM: 30 H 8 p. 49

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 116v-118

(29) Coro: *S' unisce al tuo martir pietà, dolor.* Not in LC. Händel's direction is: 'Segue il coro, S' unisca al tuo martiro.'

(26) Not Scene 4—a misprint in the LC libretto.



indicating probably the chorus, two versions of which exist, in HG 54: 88 and in HG 84: 49.

FM: 80 H 8 p. 49

(30) SOLO (Iside): CORO: *Al gaudio al riso al canto si volga il nostro cor.* Not in LC. (G major.)

FM: 30 H 8 pp. 51-53

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 118v-120

At the conclusion of the last chorus (30), there appears in the autograph: 'Fine dell Opera, Jupiter in Argos. April 24, 1739' (v. Fig. 2).

Of the following excerpts from *Jupiter in Argos* only the first exists in autograph; it is reasonable to assume that they were copied from the autograph in the order in which they appear in the Smith transcript (NF Collection):

(31) ARIA (Soprano): *Già, sai che 'l ussignuol cantando geme.* In LC: Act 2, Scene 1. (D minor.)

FM: 30 H 8 pp. 87-88

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 99-101v

(32) RECITATIVO ACCOMPAGNATO (Soprano; Basso): *Svenato il genitor.* In LC: Act 2, Scene 5. (E minor.)

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 102-104

(33) RECITATIVO ACCOMPAGNATO (Soprano): *Iside, dove sei?* Not in LC.

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 104v-109

(34) CORO (Sabb): *D' amor di Giove.* Not in LC.

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 120v-122v

(35) ARIETTA (Soprano): *Vieni, vieni, o de' viventi.* In LC: Act 1, Scene 3. (G minor.)

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 128v-129

(36) ARIOSO (Soprano): *Deh! m' ajutate oh dei!* Not in LC. Appears as an Arioso for Soprano in HG 93: 42. (F minor.)

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 129v-130

(37) ARIA (Soprano): *Taci e spera.* Not in LC. (B flat major.)

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 130v-135

(38) ARIA (Soprano): *Se potessero e sospir miei.* Not in LC. Appears as an Aria for Contr'alto in HG 93: 8. (F major.)

NF Collection

BM: R M 19 d 11 ff. 135v-139v

Of the 38 excerpts given above, we find that approximately 25 per

cent. (10 excerpts) represents extracts from the LC libretto, to which Händel composed settings distributed as follows: 7 *Recitativi*, 1 *Recitativo Accompagnato*, 1 *Arietta*, and 1 *Aria*.

Of the new material composed for *Jupiter in Argos*, there exists approximately another 25 per cent. (10 excerpts) the texts of which, however, do not appear in the LC libretto. This new material is distributed as follows: 4 *Recitativi*, 1 *Recitativo Accompagnato*, 2 *Arie*, 1 *Coro*, and 1 *Solo e Coro*.

The remaining excerpts (20) consist of borrowings from Händel's previous works, representing approximately 50 per cent. of the known fragments of *Jupiter in Argos*; these are distributed as follows: 12 *Arie*, one of which is repeated, and one, accommodated to a text from the LC libretto, 1 *Arioso*, 1 *Duetto*, and 3 *Cori*.

From these facts certain conclusions can be drawn:

(1) *Jupiter in Argos* is definitely a Pasticcio, and not a completely original opera as implied in Händel's notation at the end of the autograph (FM: 90 H 8 p. 53).<sup>(27)</sup>

(2) For the plot<sup>(28)</sup> of this work, Händel used, for the most part, the libretto of *Giove in Argo* by Antonio Maria Abbate Luchini.

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<sup>(27)</sup> See Fig. 2.

<sup>(28)</sup> Invariably outlined through the medium of *Recitativi* in 18th century libretti.

## THE SICKNESS OF TRADITION

THE three principal forces in the politics of music are the composer, the critic and the public, and the maintenance of good relations between these three is a matter of life and death for the art. The purpose in fact of the second-named is diplomatic, to reconcile those unruly forces which he finds one on either hand. When he loses control of the situation and there is no accord between contemporary composition and the public, tradition itself is threatened with breakdown.

The rôle of the composer is to produce original music under the promptings of tradition, to develop the implications of musical tradition at the historic point where he finds it. He is therefore by nature an experimenter and fallible, and it is necessary for him that the authenticity of his work shall be confirmed by others. The public is in the same regard to tradition. It is aware of the past and should be sensitive to the future. Its rôle is to provide the stimulus to composition, not merely by attendance when contemporary work is performed but by convincing gestures of confidence and enthusiasm. If these services are in abeyance for any length of time, it is quite certain that the practice of composition will decline and cease. Least of all can a musical tradition exist in private. It has been known in thriving times for one oppressed genius to continue his apparently vain labours through years of neglect, but it has never been known for whole generations of composers thus to work without encouragement. As the prospects of public performance diminish and the possibility of public reward grows slenderer still, composing becomes an irrational activity, possessing no end, and common sense forbids it. When composition ceases, the whole former tradition is cut off and dead. In music there will be a desert until with favourable conditions a new tradition is started. But it is far easier to continue a tradition than to start one. Such things happen rarely and at times of vision and accumulated strength. When a tradition has recently perished, no sober spectator will expect to see another born in a few weeks or a few years.

These purely theoretical remarks may have some bearing on the present state of music. Relations between the composing fraternity and the public have become delicate. Their vital sympathy is gone, followed by growing indifference and at worst hostility. Despite all

exhortations and confident predictions the public that caught up with the novelties of Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Wagner and Strauss remains sullen before the later idiom.

It has been said of modern music (how many times some idle statistician may know) that its admittance to public favour was merely delayed. Musical genius, the saying runs, is always in advance of the public of its time; so is it to-day. Compositions now acclaimed as masterpieces were once regarded as so much mischievous noise. Modern music is a new departure and new departures are at first hard to follow. Is it not clear that in due course the public mind will accommodate itself to this music as it did to the old?

It may be objected to this explanation of our trouble by a theory of a time-lag, which in fact is no more than a sketchy generalisation of a few cases, that in the whole history of the tradition in which we live there has been no confusion that parallels our present state. Surely this estrangement between contemporary composition and the public is unique. And the answer comes that owing to the unusually rapid strides made in the art during the twentieth century the delay is admittedly rather long this time.

This is hardly reassuring and it has the glibness of partisanship. The impartial person will add to it other reflections. After all, creative traditions are mortal. They are born; they mature; they develop sickness and die. There is all too little reason to believe that this beloved one of ours is an exception. Moreover, it has had a decently long life. And if it were dying—well, the distressing circumstances might be expected to resemble those we have to-day. Then, too, for the practical reason already given tradition cannot survive a dislocation between composer and public. There is yet time for it to be mended, but the time is not too long. If the accord is finally broken our tradition, which is to say our art, is dead.

It is fashionable, of course, to regard the public as a mass of backward and volatile people whose participation in the musical polity is a necessity only too likely to disturb the purity of ideals. The composer always knows best. But unfortunately there is no such easy rule. The public, Heaven knows, has its little faults, but is it always wrong? At one time it may lack sensitiveness, remain too cold or grow too hot. At another time it becomes the champion of classic common sense in opposition to the composer one of whose weaknesses is a proneness to fanaticism. He is apt to become a slave to his sense of direction, not asking himself whether that direction is the only or the best one or whether it is wise to follow it to its limit.

In his 'Music To-day' Mr. John Foulds refers to a passage in

Ein Heldenleben where the composer includes all at once twenty-four musical quotations from his previous compositions, and in a footnote he remarks that 'anyone can write prodigious counterpoints if he doesn't care how they will sound.' That is a typical example of fanaticism in a composer, the sort of excess to which he is liable and which a public can correct.

In 1936 atonal and quasi-atonal music is not new, and the prediction that it would become approved as did earlier essays in tonal emancipation looks like being contradicted by events. The musical public (if one may dare speak for it) was not all unprepared for changes in the new age, but was willing to discern the characteristic expression of its own time. The attraction of the new music as a curiosity was once high, but that is now waning without a compensating meed of approval. The public is suspicious about the artist's sincerity, his competence even. This new music, it feels, too often does not yield a meaning (a charge which some composers cheerfully admit), or if it does it is merely a rocking pain, a ghastly striving, a perkiness or some idiotic glee. When all allowances have been made, think the public, this music lacks the stature of the music of the past. Altogether our heritage is not being enriched by contemporary effort.

In these opinions the public is confirmed rather than otherwise by the critic himself. Not that he needlessly or frequently refers to the existing crisis in European art. It would indeed be contrary to his diplomatic status as intermediary between composer and public to do that. He keeps their relations unruffled if he can, but if there is a ruffling, he will say nothing that might increase it. Rather by tactful example will he avoid contention and encourage patience in others until the dangerous period is over. So he remains at his post discussing with unfailing urbanity the good things of other days, vivid in phrase, correct in detail, drawing right distinctions, but singularly unhelpful in diagnosing the present sickness of tradition. When he does refer in guarded terms to this awkward affair, it seems evident that it is not in his control and that his embarrassment in recommending modern work is considerable. His notices are tolerant but not enthusiastic. His duty seems to yield him little æsthetic pleasure, but he does not complain. Instead he contrives to suggest that these modern essays in music, while of doubtful character themselves, may yet lead to new and important achievements. But he does not speak confidently.

It seems that all is not well with the critic himself. The process of change in music has not dealt kindly with him. He is painfully aware of mistakes, honest but none the less calamitous, made by some

of his forbears in connection with now established composers. They applied their canons as well as they knew, only to find out later that their canons had come off worst. A composer, it appeared, could defy them and still compose good music. This kind of thing has naturally unsettled the critic. Secretly he asks himself: 'Is it going to continue happening? Is one canon to pass away after another, making fools of those who apply them, until the freedom of music is so perfect that there is no longer any means of telling whether it is good, bad or indifferent? Do such words indeed mean anything?' Then he asks himself a personal question and one easier to answer: 'Shall I, who have served and cared so much, take the risk of becoming known to posterity chiefly as one who damned a famous composer, as an old fogey whose presumption matched his thick wits?'

It is not surprising that the critic, beset by such irksome questions, temporises. But as time passes the absence of a firm judgment on latter-day music becomes more conspicuous and more difficult to reconcile with the critical vocation. A critic who does not criticise is a contradiction.

The composer, too, is not at his ease. He knows that his vocation has a high prestige thanks to the achievements of the past two hundred years. It is due to the dead composers of that period that to-day he can command respect for his activities and that the course his work takes is a matter of importance. But he is living on that prestige and somewhat riotously. With him it no longer is accumulating but dwindling. Already the expressions 'modern composer' and 'contemporary music' have become by-words as never before. Already he is reconciled to a growing isolation. He has lost the multitude and made demands on the enthusiast. Yet he retains a conviction of his own righteousness. He is confident that his music is the natural and logical development of the old. 'What would you have—an iteration of the old conventions?' he asks, and the agreed answer is no. 'Then do not carp at my genuine twentieth century music,' he retorts. His work has to be artificially fostered and tends to remain segregated. Nevertheless in his contention that his music is bred from the past the composer is right.

It seems therefore, when these sad facts are considered, that present difficulties are due not to a passing infection of tradition but to the sickness that attends a decline according to nature—senility. Our tradition lives on; there is no doubt that it is the same being, but its strength and beauty have grown less and it cannot command men nowadays as it did in its famous maturity. It has not erred; it has



merely been impelled by time through its natural career. It was born of mortals.

Reminiscence is suited to the time and it is fascinating now to look back and to try to understand a little of what this tradition was and how its destiny unfolded.

Music had been in service : to the church ; to the theatre ; to verse ; or perhaps to the occasion. Some such servitude seems to be the normal condition of music, and some composers to-day are willing to re-establish that condition in order to secure their art once more. There is no odium to such servitude. Music, whatever it is allied to, is always arrogant, tends always to exceed specified intentions. In its buoyancy it rises too near and too often to the sublime, so that there is a human need not to let it go all free but to keep a leash upon it, because sublimity is difficult to bear and eludes human understanding.<sup>(1)</sup> Men wish to keep it in relation to the objects of their understanding. Hence the normal servitude to text, and hence the illustrious servitude in the Liturgy where its nature is matched.

But the impulse of the modern tradition was precisely to make the art autonomous, to unyoke it from the question-begging word and to let it behave after its own fashion. It was an experiment well worth the trying, one doubtless destined to be tried at some time, and it was a great adventure. Music was to be absolute and therefore instrumental. It was not that there had been no ' pure ' music beforehand. Such music had long been gaining ground and was probably never extinct. Still less could it be said that there was no programme music afterwards. The point is that there occurred in the eighteenth century a radical movement of the will in the musician which was to be determining in its effect. Music absolute and instrumental became his favourite though not exclusive concern. That movement of the will which began to operate decisively in the eighteenth century with Haydn as its first typical master is the origin of all our tradition. We have done no more since then than follow out the implications. Once the tradition was founded it became the most natural and most promising outlet for successive men of genius. Its prosperity continued to grow, and the newly forged technique of absolute music was brought back to deal with programme on its own terms with results not uniformly admirable, as we see in those huge Masses composed in the nineteenth century which are unsuited to the concert-hall and quite inconceivable in church.

The tradition has been an expanding one ; that is to say its process

<sup>(1)</sup> Sublimity is the kind of beauty which invests any significant form apprehended as significant of the Infinite, of the awe-inspiring unfathomable mystery of being : *Philosophy of Form* (p. 316), E. I. Watkin.

has been centrifugal, leading from relative simplicity to relative complexity. A creative tradition is not bound to move in this way; it might well move in the contrary way or according to some different rule. This one so moved because the human condition of the time favoured it. It is true that the eighteenth-century composers, when they began their concerted instrumental music, might have been expected on account of their lack of experience to write in no complex way, but that is but part of the truth. They were men of high cultivation and a certain simplicity was native to them. It is civilised men who express themselves simply, for they know how to select and to economise. Simplicity is by no means the mark of the savage. It was natural therefore that this tradition should be relatively simple in its beginnings. The classical composers, even if they had known how, would not have expressed themselves with the emphasis and elaboration to which we have now grown accustomed.

The process of expansion has had three main aspects (in reality they are one), first in respect of tonality, second in respect of texture, and third in respect of form.

The relative simplicity of the early composers of our tradition when applied to tonality meant the exploitation of the fundamental intervals of the scale and the shunning of the more acute. Thereafter a composer was progressive in so far as he learned to include in harmony or melody the acuter intervals. The romantic composers seeing the field before them took on a quite deliberate daring in this regard. They discovered one after the other how to employ and still maintain coherence through greater and greater dissonances. The public, notwithstanding the derision of the advanced, continued to recover from the shocks it was getting, and all was approved as legitimate composition. Progress in this direction, however, could not be expected to last. The case may be compared to a weight swinging in a circle ever faster and straining away from the centre of its orbit. Eventually the weight overcoming the resistance travels off at a tangent, quite independent now, but soon, of course, to fall inert. The orbit is the musical series of notes and its centre the tonic. The broadening orbit is the growing strenuousness of harmony. The bursting free from its centre and the anarchic flight through the air is what has come to be called atonality, but which might as well be called anti-tonality. Any hold on a tonal centre, no matter how slender, will pass in theory at least. Polytonality has a case which must be allowed, but atonality has none, for it negates the principle by which music is made expressive. In so far as musical sounds approach the ideal state of atonality they become devoid of significance because they become

devoid of form, significance only attaching to form and tonal centre being the life-principle of musical form.

This is no mere technical affair, though under that guise it is most apparent. There has been a corresponding process in the matter that composers have tried to express. We know that the simple intervals on which the earlier music was based are inseparably connected with a grandeur and sanity of meaning which cannot be obtained by any other musical means. The straining of tonality is inevitably accompanied by a growing peculiarity of meaning and a distractedness that conflicts with composure. With the achievement of atonality expression passes into the irrational state. The greater of the romantic composers were those who came to terms with classicism and employed a tonality at once extended and fundamentally based and an expression at once varied and reasonable, but they could not alter the trend. The weight was tugging against the hand that held it. It was destined to fly further and faster, and one cannot stop destiny.

The range of expression to which music by virtue of tonality corresponds may be supposed to have similarly a magnetic centre in simple relation to which stand ideas general and noble and in more distant relation ideas more gross and trivial tapering into vacuity. In any case liberal tonality has been accompanied by an increasing triviality of meaning. The classical composers, it need not be argued, were engaged in the utterance of profound ideas. Later the intentions of composers became such that they could formulate them, and they attempted to express the essence of some human hero, some dramatic happening, some spirit of a nation or natural scenery. There then ensued fussy fragments of impressionism on all manner of visible things. Debussy composes in honour of Mr. Pickwick and General Lavine. Strauss believes that music not only can but should express the physical properties of a spoon. With Delius we seem to have reached that mental slavery known as the 'stream of consciousness,' but at least the surroundings are stimulating to it. Undoubtedly there has been a depreciation in the quality of meaning and this is part of the centrifugal process in musical tradition.

Before the time had ripened for atonality a crisis had already developed. This became obvious under the aspect of texture. Side by side with the expansion of tonality came an expansion in dynamics and an increasing depth of harmonic texture. The expansion in dynamics while lending itself to a greater softness in the execution of notes was more conspicuous in the matter of loudness and emphasis. The difference that this process caused in average musical sensibility is illustrated by the story of Haydn's Surprise Symphony. That so

mild a shock could shatter the slumbers of an audience is surprising enough, but it is even more surprising that an audience in those days could begin to sleep. Such a merciful release rapidly became impossible. The thundering out of principal themes, the ebb and flow of climax, the might of executants, the sheer volume of the orchestra, all these taxed the listener increasingly. The growing richness of harmony became so customary that it resulted in decadence so that people could not bear an unaccompanied melody and regarded music slight in texture with contempt. Even the simplest folk melody had to be presented in a glowing orchestral guise. To-day this decadence is such that in like circumstances the simple melody is given forth not with a rich harmony but with an accompaniment that wars with it. This 'acerbity' is the only thing left now that provokes our jaded nerves.

Music is finite in character and on both sides it is limited. It lies between silence and noise. Simple, distinguishable sounds supervening on silence form the material of music, but as such sounds increase in number and complexity so as to be indistinguishable they pass out of the definition of music into the definition of noise. It is the obvious danger of an expanding tradition that it will thus exceed the definition of music and achieve the nature of noise. Somewhere along that road there is a barrier.

This is sometimes questioned indeed. The human ear, it is said, by training and experience again and again has learnt to compass sounds which formerly it would merely have shuddered at. So will it continue to do, converting discords into harmony, and noise into music. No one doubts that the receptiveness of the ear and the mind may be cultivated to a considerable degree. To assert that there are no limits to the cultivation of these natural powers is another matter. What we are being asked to believe is that the world may one day reach an ability in the distinguishing of sounds so mastering that the noise of a motor-bicycle will seem like the notes of a flute fading down the street and the noise of modern armaments in play merely a lively scherzo. It is a world somewhat attractive in prospect, but we have heard of it before. It is called Utopia. Come away.

The music of the nineteenth century was growing in tonal freedom, in loudness and emphasis, in the concerting of different timbres and in volume. It was heading for the extreme edge of what could be classified as music. Chaos called noise lay beyond. Whether the extreme was ever reached or surpassed does not concern the present argument. Variations in personal receptivity would confuse an exact

determination. One would say that here or there in Wagner the limit was reached. Another would say that Wagner kept always inside the limit, but Strauss stepped over it once or twice. Another would say that the limit was never reached. These differences would be of interest mainly to the parties concerned. It is sufficient that the limit was approached and that whether in prospect or realisation it impeded the growth of music along its accustomed line.

For a crisis did occur and the competition in musical massiveness did stop; it stopped almost suddenly. It very soon became old-fashioned. What followed is both interesting and instructive. It demonstrates how insistent is the forward movement in an established tradition. The artist must be obedient to it or be cut off from its life-giving power. If disgusted with the culmination of tradition he shirks it and goes outside, he is doomed to insignificance and perhaps to sterility, unless he is the strong soul in ten thousand who can launch a new tradition.

When it became necessary to scale down the volume and texture of orchestral music in face of the coming crisis, there was no intention of abandoning the inherited principle of expansion. If the advance was checked along one of its lines, it had to be compensated by an extra big push along another line, and so it happened that the bottled up pressure was directed with startling effect into the further emancipation of tonality. The work leaped forward. There had been some distance to go before the crisis in tonality was due, but the punctual crisis that had appeared under the aspect of texture and dynamics had resulted in its being hurried forward.

The chaotic and the quasi-chaotic tonality (or non-tonality) was quickly in the composer's grasp. This provoked a second crisis partly because as stated before it deprived music of its principle of form and consequently of significance, partly because with it composition began again to partake of the nature of noise. Noise is the result of a number of discordant sounds. Earlier on music had made its approach to noise chiefly by the number of discordant sounds; now under the new emancipation it made its approach to noise chiefly by the discordance of its numerous sounds. A studied discordance can go far to the production of noise. In any case the advance in this direction is checked, because there is no room for differentiation in atonality. There is variety in forms, but one chaos always looks like another. In so far as an atonal composition differs from another it does so because the composer has failed to realise the atonal ideal in which form is eliminated. Where there is no room for differences there is



no room for a process of change, no room for a living tradition therefore.

The word 'form' is used above in the broad sense of the recognisable thing. The third aspect under which our tradition of music has expanded is form as it is more strictly understood in connection with music. A music set free from extraneous associations had of necessity, so it seemed to its pioneers, to choose for itself a law. The law which suggested itself was a law of economy in the use of themes, an economy operating by way of repetition and development. There were other manners of composing, that is in varying degrees of looseness, but there was none other that could be called a method. Economy was the only possible law for autonomous music. Under this aspect the starting point of tradition was a law of economy expressing itself in a strict and conventional form and the destination of it in the process of expansion was pure rhapsody or music ungoverned. The growing uneasiness and ineptitude of the Romantic composers in handling a strict form is notorious, and the more eager ones abandoned such in favour of types of composition which were not new forms but lesser degrees of the old form. The principle of economy was, however, still present to them as a necessary law. It was not until the twentieth century that the limits of its abandonment were tested. It is clear that as there are a limited number of notes and intervals the principle defies a complete abandonment. The most free composer in the last resort cannot avoid a repetition of notes and intervals or a likeness to them such as comes within the scope of development, and the composer is to that extent guilty of economy. One more avenue in the progress of music is blocked. We are not likely to see rhapsody put to better use than it was with Delius. Ultimately it dissolves into the atonal. Sibelius is outside the scope of any criticism that may here seem implied of modern composers. His originality is interior to an older phase. Yet critics have remarked of his seventh symphony that its development is so subtle that it can hardly be analysed. But as indicated above this subtlety of form is characteristic of the freest composition, which uses still the established modes. There cannot but be some echoing of what has gone before.

Thus has our tradition come to an impasse. Music beats its hands against the walls of its definition. One of the delusions of its recent history was that whenever a composer inaugurated a new phase of tradition he was thought to be a revolutionary. He merited no such title. He merely had a grasp of the tradition in which he lived and its necessary consequences. To-day we really do need a revolutionary,

someone who will overthrow our now barren tradition and make us a new one.

But he does not come. Our composers still dawdle in the way, one with the old monster symphony, another with rhapsody, another with the tedious freedom of tonality. One wants to keep away from doomsday a little longer by employing new scales, another by sustaining music on what rhythms remain to be exploited. Some of our younger English composers have desperately returned to simple lyricism, but such music now lacks the impulse of tradition. They are all conservatives now.

There are two other disturbing facts in our present state. The first is the loss of fecundity. The fecundity of the old composers astonishes us nowadays. It has diminished right down to our own time. The second is the rise of a rival music. Formerly the more inferior music consumed by the masses paid homage to the best music of the time. Now the popular music is a different thing and it thrives by itself. It is a base and unashamed thing, no rival to the old tradition from the point of view of aesthetics or content, but in the world already a domineering opponent.

We believe that at least the past achievements of modern tradition will not cease to be cherished, but the changes that may occur in sensibility must not be under-estimated. To-day we are still sons of that tradition and it appeals to us paternally, but in the future when it is severed off and ended it will no longer have that intimate relation to contemporary sensibility. It will not be surprising if it is less well-esteemed then, and tends to be neglected.

Can music be put back into service as it mainly was before? The Church among other things is the custodian of good things carelessly thrown away by mankind at large. It has in the past imposed its own terms on music and (wonderfully) for that art's good. But the temper of the time is secular. Composers are not likely to join in a confession of religion for the sake of their art's salvation. Music might have been made to serve poetry, but some fate equally unkind seems to have attended that art. To-day it is no firm anchorage. Music might even have made a misalliance with the films, but they became 'talkies' overnight. Other suggestions must be received.

In any decline there are always vested interests which forbid the fact to be recognised. There are the people whose pride is offended, and the more important they are the greater their offence. There are the large organisations raised up in the flourishing times and just reaching their zenith as decline begins. There are the people whose means of existence are involved and whose hearts are given to the



declining thing. There is the B.B.C. It has been appreciated by that massive but ambiguous institution that its own interests are threatened by a breakdown in musical tradition, that such a turn of events is likely to affect it more painfully as time goes on, and it has been careful to give contemporary music every chance. The effect of that effort is, of course, a complete mystery, but judging by the subsequent swing of policy towards a rationing of the whole class of traditional music past and present, it has not been considered successful. The true state of music now is not likely to be enthusiastically recognised, but will be the subject of a slow reconciliation.

VICTOR BENNETT.

## BINARY AND TERNARY FORM

FOR some years I had been interested in the analysis of seventeenth and eighteenth century forms of music, and had thought of writing a paper on the subject; then, one day, not long ago, Mr. R. O. Morris's book 'The Structure of Music' appeared, and a reading of it has helped me to clear my mind. I do not wish to write a review of Mr. Morris's book, because if I did, it would probably look as if I wanted to quarrel with him over trivial details; let me then say at once that for what it professes to be it is an excellent and very lucid explanation of the main conventional forms employed by the fashionable great masters. If I part company with Mr. Morris, it is because I am trying to look at the same things from a different angle. He devotes only a few pages to the elementary principles of formal construction, illustrating them mainly from English folksongs. (This, by the way, is an amusing sign of the times; theorists of an older generation would have taken their illustrations of simple forms from Corelli or Purcell.) The greater part of the book is devoted to an explanation of the classical forms, if I may so call them: suite, sonata, rondo, concerto, variations, etc., with illustrations mainly from J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—Bach and Beethoven having the majority. Mr. Morris's position is perfectly logical and indeed laudable; he writes for students who have no access to *Grove's Dictionary* and cannot afford to buy it, and he assumes that they are so poor that they can hardly even afford a copy of the 'Forty-Eight' and Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. There are many readers who will be sincerely grateful to him; if the spirit moves them to make a first attempt at composing a concerto, all they need do is to look up 'concerto' in the index to Mr. Morris's book. But if I want to analyse the pianoforte concertos of Mozart and to find out how the Mozartian type of concerto was evolved from the Bach type, and what difference there is between the Mozartian type and the Beethoven type of concerto, Mr. Morris will not help me. Perhaps it is not fair to expect it, for such explanations would have made the book too bulky and too expensive. I should have liked to find some discussion of musical form as a system of emotional expression; but

perhaps it is more helpful to students to tell them the difference between a *rigaudon* and a *passepied*. They may be asked that sort of question in an examination paper, and they may even have to compose something of the kind to accompany a historical film.

The book, and especially its preface, suggests that the author is much preoccupied with the mere names of musical forms; I suppose his pupils at the R.C.M. are always badgering him with tiresome questions (as I know I badgered mine in my schooldays) such as 'what is a nocturne? what is the difference between a chaconne and a passacaglia?' and so forth. The pupils, being very young and simple-minded, think that there ought to be one straight definition of each of these things, and the master finds it least trouble to cite the obvious example from Beethoven or John Sebastian Bach. What Rameau or Couperin thought about these things does not matter; nobody plays them nowadays.

I should prefer to attack the whole question of form from a different point of view. Text-books will inform me as to what a sonata was in the days of Beethoven; a reference to Beethoven's own works shows me that many of his sonatas do not conform to the definition, and even if they did, the definition covers only the period of some thirty or forty years. What the sensible pupil asks is 'why do teachers make such a fuss about form? is there any use in it at all?' and even so, why do problems of form seem to affect only the music of the eighteenth century, and only the instrumental music of that? What we really want to find out are the fundamental principles underlying all music—at any rate, all European music: there must be some principles of composition which will apply equally well to plainsong, to Pérotin, Monteverdi, Beethoven and Stravinsky.

It is here that the question of binary *versus* ternary takes on more importance than Mr. Morris is inclined to allow it. Quite early in his book he quarrels with Sir Donald Tovey on this point. After quoting and analysing a few folksongs he says this:

What is of interest is to find that one of the commonest, perhaps actually the commonest, of all pattern-schemes is that represented by the diagram A A B A, or (in musical notation) A: || B A.

This is, in its simplest form, what has come to be known in music as the 'ternary' type of structure. As it stands, it is obviously an epitome, in miniature, of the later first movement form. Tovey points out (*Enc. Brit.*, 'Sonata Forms') that in strict logic this is not ternary at all, but binary, the two halves being made equal by the repetition of the first strain.

In practice, however, when this structure was adopted and developed for instrumental purposes, *both* halves as a rule were

repeated, the form as we know it being represented by the diagram A : || B A.

This seems to be a misprint—I imagine that Mr. Morris wrote A : || : B A. It is obvious that Sir Donald Tovey is perfectly right : one would never expect him to be otherwise. The fact is, that Mr. Morris is in much too great a hurry to arrive at the mature Beethoven, at the type of the sonata-movement consisting of exposition, development and recapitulation, which he symbolizes by his diagram A : || B A. But by the time we reach mature Beethoven the form is better represented by the diagram A B X A B, in which A and B stand for first and second subject, and X for the development section. It is not necessary to enter into the question of the repeats, because by this time even the first repeat (that of the exposition) has been discarded, and the repeat of the remaining portion was discarded long before that. This diagram certainly represents a ternary structure, but only if we take it without any repeats at all.

Those repeats in classical music—how they have puzzled all the commentators! They have puzzled them because the commentators—learned authorities like Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Henry Hadow and Sir Donald Tovey—have all tended to start from Beethoven and to start cluttered up with a terrible load of reverence for the great masters. If they had only thought of starting from the days, say, of Leopold Mozart, they would have realized that all these sonatas (including quartets, symphonies, cassations and anything else in that line) were in the first instance entertainment music to be played during an archbishop's dinner, and that he probably liked a second helping of every course.

Sir Henry Hadow was, I believe, the first theorist to classify the Beethoven type of sonata-form as ternary. In older days it was always called binary, though I confess I have no idea who first invented that name for it. In any case there can be no doubt whatever that it was derived from a binary origin and not from a ternary one, though in the first half of the eighteenth century there seems to have been some hybridization between the two types.

In considering the history of these forms we must refuse to make any distinction between vocal and instrumental music. It is impossible to put these two categories into watertight compartments, as most German writers tend to do, and to assume that sonatas are descended purely from sonatas, and operas from operas, like 'Aryans' from 'Aryans' and Jews from Jews. Instrumental music has always been influenced by vocal music, and in two ways : instruments have

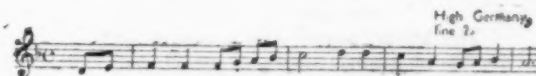
played vocal music as it stood (*e.g.*, in the days when composers wrote music 'apt for voyces or viols'), and secondly, instrumental music, after it achieved its own independence, has constantly learned from vocal music new devices for emotional expression. These, it should be noted here, have in most cases been learned from the music of the theatre, because it was in the theatre that music had to reach its highest emotional intensity.

Of simple song-tunes, beginning with the plainsong hymns and going on through the middle ages to the later centuries—to which most of the English folksongs seem to belong—there are many varieties; but Mr. Morris is most probably right when he says that the quatrain is the commonest form. That is, the quatrain is the commonest form amongst those which have survived in popularity, and I should certainly agree with him in saying that it was the form which had had the greatest influence on elaborated music. But there are many other varieties of the quatrain besides the type ('High Germany') that Mr. Morris analyses. He symbolizes 'High Germany' as A B B' A'—the dashes indicating 'that the pattern phrase is slightly varied at its repetition.' I should have analysed the tune differently. It is in the key of D minor. The first strain ends on D, the second on A, the dominant; the third strain is derived from the second, but ends on G, the subdominant, and the fourth is derived from the first, ending on D. Mr. Morris would perhaps say that in analysing a folksong I have no right to talk about keys, dominants and subdominants; these melodies are modal. Then let me take a plainsong tune, 'Jesu dulcis memoria' (English Hymnal 298); it is in Mode I (Dorian), and the four lines end respectively on D, A, E and D. I do not know whether Mr. Morris would regard 'High Germany' as transposed Æolian, or as Dorian with a flattened B; I should incline to consider it Dorian, but frankly admit that I am no expert in these things.

(Here I interpolate a note on the dates of folksongs; from a study of music in general I should be inclined to suggest that rhythm, rather than mode, is the safest guide as to date or nationality of a melody.)

In plainsong, as in folksong, the important notes are those which end the phrases, not those on which they begin. In both of these melodies, the plainsong hymn and the English folksong, we find the same sort of plan—tonic, dominant, other key, tonic. Mr. Morris analyses according to theme, and seems to attach small importance to key; I am analysing according to key and perhaps I am inclined to see differences rather than resemblances in what Mr. Morris calls repetitions of pattern. Thus in 'High Germany,' he calls line 3 a

repetition, slightly varied, of line 2. I should say that line 2 was mainly in D minor, leading to the dominant :



But line 3 seems to me to be definitely in F major all the way through, until we approach the final G :



During the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the quatrain form of this type—tonic, dominant, other key, tonic—is the main foundation of all music. It goes on into the nineteenth century too, and I have heard it maintained by experts in modern music that it is at the basis of all modern music too. Riemann used to maintain that all music—by which he meant all music from Bach to Brahms—was based on a system of eight-bar phrases; if a phrase was not eight bars long, then it had had bars added to it, or two bars compressed into one, or something of the same sort. People are inclined to laugh at Riemann's German pedantry—even in Germany—nowadays; but the theory had a certain amount of sense, if one did not press it. Take any extended work such as a Beethoven sonata, and you will find that many sections can be analysed in this way—perhaps not always eight-bar sections, but groups in quatrain form, roughly speaking, tonic, dominant, other key, tonic.

But the most important thing about this quatrain form is its emotional arrangement. Every piece of music, however short, however trivial or dull, must have, somewhere, its emotional climax, and so has every quatrain of poetry. Consider the stanza :

Mary had a little lamb,  
 Its fleece was white as snow;  
 And everywhere that Mary went,  
 The lamb was sure to go.

Where is the emotional climax? Surely, at 'everywhere'; though one person whom I asked said that it was at 'sure.' Anyway, the



first two lines are mere information, and in the other two, we can either say that the climax is in line 3 with a decline towards repose in line 4, or that there is a steady emotional rise to a climax in line 4 itself. Take another example :

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

This is not quite so exciting, but more sophisticated. Observe, in line 3, the ingenious dodge by which the flatness of the emotional level is artificially raised by the position of the semi-colon. When these lines are sung to an ordinary hymn-tune, it is impossible to indicate the semicolon, and to get the effect of emotional anticipation caused by the fact that the next idea is brought in before it is rhythmically expected. But even here we can see that there is an emotional scheme of a fairly common type: the first two lines are fairly non-committal, a painful emotion appears in line 3 ('deny ourselves'—the painfulness being accentuated for the reader, though not for a singer, by the shortening of the line) and finally, with a lengthened line, an effect of apparent serenity and satisfaction.

In nearly all cases we shall find that the emotional climax of our quatrain comes in line 3, especially if there is a moment of painful feeling. The fact is, that in most cases there is a change of mode here; if the melody is in the major mode, line 3 will tend towards a minor key. On the other hand, if the prevailing character is minor, line 3 will often modulate to a major key. Line 3 is always the most interesting line from the emotional point of view.

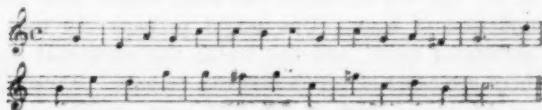
The development of this form in the course of years has naturally depended on the development of the classical key-system. At what exact period musicians really understood the significance of transposing a melody into another key it is very difficult to say. At one end we have Haydn writing symphonies in which both first and second subjects are identical, the only difference being that the second subject is in the dominant instead of the tonic, and is probably different in orchestration. At the other end we have the early contrapuntists writing 'imitations' at different pitches, but not being able to overstep the boundary of their mode. Fugue-methods and sonata-methods interact. Consider such a melody as 'St. Ann': I need not write it out. Here is our usual quatrain—finals C (tonic), G (dominant), B (here intended as fifth of dominant of relative minor), and C. Note that the third strain is here in the minor. At about this period—i.e., Dr. Croft's—



we shall see composers planning this binary form in a more extended way as :

First theme	second theme	first theme	second theme
tonic	dominant	dominant	tonic

Suppose we alter ' St. Ann ' on these lines, and let the second half run thus :



We have here what is practically the ' answer ' to the first half considered as a fugue subject; in fact, if we made it a ' correct ' answer according to the rules of fugue, the balance of phrase would be musically improved.

Throughout the seventeenth century fugue is one of the favourite methods of composing. The musicians did not set out to compose fugues, as a modern composer does, because they were not quite sure what they were; but they set out to compose music of some sort, and they found that the fugue method was a very useful one for ' carrying on.' Modern theorists are very snuffy about seventeenth century fugues (indeed they are inclined to be snuffy about any that are not by J. S. Bach); but that is not the right way to look at seventeenth-century music. The fugal method was used in all sorts of places—very often in opera songs and chamber cantatas. What seems to have mattered most to the minds of these musicians was not so much contrapuntal imitation and *stretto* as just the collocation of subject and answer. It was a means of modulation, for one thing, and is used in this sense by Stradella in vocal solo music. We can see just the same thing in Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*; there are several places where a pair of rhyming lines have the same melody as bass to each, but in different keys, while the upper parts are not contrapuntal at all, and do not repeat themselves. Thus :



This is neither an exact transposition, nor a correct answer to a

subject, but it is near enough, especially in a day when the rules of fugue had not yet been laid down.

The only other forms were those of dance and song. These are curiously complicated, because all these principles interact on one another, especially in the opera songs of such composers as Cavalli and Stradella. One of the most important methods is that of the ground bass. Now, as we see from the Palestrina example just cited, the tendency of the age was to regard the bass, rather than the melody, as the foundation of form. One might perhaps say that the bass gave the structural form, and the treble the emotional content—at any rate there are cases of which this can be said. We shall find the ground bass repeating itself in different keys, sometimes systematically, as in the well-known instrumental interludes of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Thus a two-bar phrase in D minor is repeated at once in A minor, and then in F major and finally in D minor (lower octave)—a four-strain scheme, quite clearly. At other times the repetitions are not so symmetrical and regular; but we can observe two ways of treating the ground bass: either it repeats in different keys, as described, forming a four-strain scheme of keys, or it is in itself so long as to be divisible into two sections, which can be described as tonic to dominant and dominant to tonic. J. S. Bach's organ passacaglia is a familiar example. The long chaconnes of Rameau and Gluck, belonging to the following century, tend towards what we should call sonata-form.

But by far the commonest form in seventeenth century music is the ordinary binary form of dance music, which gradually, as we approach the time of Bach and Handel, takes on some semblance of a two-subject form. What historians have been reluctant to understand is, that this elementary sonata form appears first in vocal music, in the arias of the operas and chamber cantatas. By about 1740 the type is thoroughly conventionalized; every air has its first subject and its contrasting second subject in the dominant, or in the relative major if the main key is minor. These are the arias generally called 'ternary' because of the *da capo*; but the part which is sung twice over is itself in binary form. The *da capo* arose, as I pointed out in an earlier article (on Handel's operas) out of the refrain which was repeated during the course of a recitative. The original arrangement is:

refrain	recit.	refrain	recit.	refrain
lyric	—	dramatic	—	lyric — dramatic — lyric

and we see this form also in instrumental music, as in the *Rondeaux* of Purcell and Couperin. But in those very *rondeaux* we shall see that each section is a binary construction.

The operative binary scheme was meant to be :

first subject	second subject	first subject	second subject
tonic	dominant	dominant	tonic

but it had to take account of the limitations of the human voice. Subjects which suited the singer in one key naturally would not bear strict transposition. Some composers were careless and clumsy; others were ingenious, and planned their subjects ahead, so that the second subject sounded quite well in the dominant and better still in the tonic. But the main difficulty was with section 3, because in any case the first subject, if repeated in the dominant, would lead not to the tonic, but to the supertonic. Alterations had to be made, just as in the case of a fugue subject and its tonal answer; but the main difficulty was generally that of pitch. The usual way of getting out of the difficulty was to treat the subject freely as regards melody, and to intensify its dramatic expression, so that section 3 gradually became almost like a development section based on the first subject. This is the normal form of Domenico Scarlatti's sonatas, and that is why I am inclined to symbolize the scheme as A B X B, whether in a sonata of Domenico Scarlatti, or a movement in a much simpler form, such as the separate movements of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

But before I speak of these, let me go back for a moment to an earlier and most admirable example of the form—the song 'When I have often heard' from Purcell's *The Fairy Queen*. The fascination of this song—one of the very loveliest that Purcell ever wrote—lies in the fact that the music, in both verses (which are sung to the same tune) seems at every note perfectly to express the words. I suspect Dryden of being the anonymous author, for the words by themselves have so exquisite a sense of form. The form is the quatrain, extended in such a way that one strain of Purcell's music covers two lines of the poem, there being four musical strains and eight lines of verse to the stanza. Mr. Morris would say that the first two strains were the same; but one ends in the tonic (though in the dominant chord) and the other in the dominant key. The third modulates to D minor (the tonic is C major), and the fourth brings us back to C. But what

I want to point out is that while strains 1, 2 and 4 have fairly wide leaps—

Purcell, Fairy Queen

When I have often heard young maids complain of being  
Just when men profess most, there most de-ceive. Then I thought  
none of them worthy my gain or interest. And what they swore re-solved ne'er to be of  
leave. But when so humbly he made his address, O! What looks so  
soft, and with language so kind, I thought it un-der-stand  
lose his carelessers. Nature o'er-came, and I soon chang'd my mind

the third strain, which is melancholy in character, is not only in the minor mode, but moves by small intervals, often by semitones. The fourth returns to the leaping style, but it is definitely not a repetition of line 1; in fact, it very ingeniously inverts the leaping figure (up-down instead of down-up) of the first line, though preserving the same lively character.

Now look at the Goldberg Variations. Mr. Morris evidently enjoys this work as much as I do, but he seems to see it from a very different angle.

'Composers continued to think more of the bass than of the tune. . . . The one outstanding exception . . . is . . . the "Goldberg Variations." . . . The theme itself is completely ignored; all that is kept is the binary structure and the basic harmonic progressions.'

I should have thought that this was certainly not an exception to the principle of 'thinking more of the bass than of the tune.' The bass is certainly varied, and varied freely, but as Mr. Morris says, the basic harmonic progressions are clearly maintained, and I should have described the whole work as a set of variations on a bass, just as Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor are variations on a bass. However, what interests me most is the binary form and its expressiveness. Consider the bass of the original theme, disregarding everything above it. Here again, tonic, dominant, minor key (relative this time) and tonic. Again, as in Purcell, we see the change of character in

the third (minor) section. The whole bass is wonderfully expressive in itself. It starts with solid dotted minims, but just when it leaves the fourth bar, it emphasizes the entrance of a new four-bar section by pushing off with a preliminary crotchet (anacrusis). This C is no mere passing-note; after the dominant D, it suggests 4/2 harmony, i.e., the strongest possible contradiction of dominant harmony, and in that sense it belongs essentially to the B which follows it, for on this note it resolves. Then, at the beginning of the next strain, the G instead of moving at once to F sharp on the first beat of the next bar, holds on lazily, and slides into F sharp with a mordent and an aggressively decorative phrase. You must not think of this just as the bass of a harmonized tune (which, as Mr. Morris says, is 'highly rococo'), but as something for a violoncello to play, with all the rococo wickedness that he can command. That bass has decided very definitely to do something dangerous; after that elaborate gesture, made the more elaborate by the mordent and the suspension as well, the next E is followed by a longer anacrusis of three quavers, and this figure is repeated. Then the bass settles on F sharp, safe in the dominant key and progresses with the old stateliness to the key of D. The third strain brings an entirely different kind of rhythm, just as Purcell at this point brought in an entirely different sort of melodic progression; the fourth strain should revert to the mood of the first, but Bach chooses here to make a figurate variation on it.

I have ventured to enlarge on this particular example, because the main idea of this paper is to insist on the expressive value of the binary form. It is marvellously expressive, within its limits, because it is complete in itself. The eighteenth-century composers, such as Handel and Mozart, find it perfectly adequate; it never requires a coda. The coda is a later growth, and Beethoven almost always seems to require a coda, sometimes of enormous length. In Beethoven's case the coda means that he has so much to say that he cannot get it into the Mozartian form. But in the romantic composers we shall see that the coda is a confession of structural weakness. Rossini and Weber will start their songs with marvellous initial phrases, but they break down over that third strain, just the place where Purcell or Mozart will give something wonderful. The romantics rather lamely repeat their first phrase again, before it is due, and then they find that it will not make a satisfactory end, so they stick a perfectly conventional coda on to it. Verdi will stick on two or three codas—see *Rigoletto*.

The most beautiful and expressive examples of this binary form in Mozart are to be found in the slow movements of his concertos. But

there are innumerable examples of the form in the eighteenth century, and in places where one would perhaps not expect them. The first chorus of *Judas Maccabaeus* is a good specimen. The librettists of the eighteenth century expected this form, and their words are nearly always designed to be repeated in this way.

We begin with the first subject in C minor :

Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains  
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains;

A more contrapuntal passage leads us to the second subject which ends in G minor :

Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er,  
Your hero, friend and father is no more.

Passages of imitation are often used for transitions; this is very characteristic of Mozart. After the cadence in G minor, the music goes on with the first subject in the relative major, E flat; it is one of the conveniences of the minor mode that the second subject may be either in the dominant minor or in the relative major. We now have a sort of development section, utilizing fragments of both subjects; then, after a more elaborate contrapuntal transition we reach the second subject in the key of C minor, where it is slightly extended and intensified. Handel also writes a short coda, but he is justified in doing this, because his coda balances the short instrumental introduction, and the coda is instrumental too in the main, the voices having no subordinate part in it.

Many forms which at first sight appear to be mainly contrapuntal or fugal are really binary. Handel's vocal duets are a case in point: e.g., the duet 'No, di voi non vò fidarmi,' utilized afterwards for 'For unto us a child is born.' Bach's Two-part Inventions are nearly all of them in this form.

Mr. Morris, in his introduction, says that the Prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* 'is not a subject for analysis, but for direct experience—those "adventures of the soul among masterpieces" whose description, so far as they can be described, is a task for the critic, not for the analyst.' Must we really leave the *Tristan* Prelude to Mr. W. J. Turner? I am not going to attempt a detailed analysis of it here; but as a preliminary suggestion to any reader who likes to work it out I should say that the ground plan of it was simply our old binary quatrain form. It consists of 111 bars; the key is A minor. The first 'strain' of our quatrain goes down to bar 24, by which time the mode has changed from minor to major. From A major (bar 24)



the music moves steadily towards the dominant, E major, which is reached with a considerable climax at bar 44 (*fortissimo rallentando*). We then have a considerable section in the same key (up to bar 58), after which modulations lead to a dominant pedal (E in the bass); but this pedal is not released into the normal key of A; it leads to new modulations, going much farther afield, until we reach the main climax of the whole prelude at bar 83. The rest is a return to the original key—the final bars being merely a transition to the scene which follows. It will be noted that the Prelude begins in A minor and ends in C minor. This is a characteristic dodge of the romantics, especially in large works, where one complete movement merges into another without a break. Moreover, throughout this opera it is difficult to say exactly what is the key of any single bar, because the whole harmonic texture is fluctuating, in much the same manner as the texture of an ordinary fugue fluctuates between tonic and dominant, or between relative major and relative minor. On this scheme, the Prelude, which is about 100 bars in round figures, divides into five sections of about 20 bars each (again round figures)—first in A minor, second in E major, third (free duplication of second) in E major, fourth (theoretically third) in various remoter keys with a conspicuous climax in a very remote key—E flat minor, the remotest possible key from A minor, the chord of climax being the second inversion of a minor ninth and eleventh on the dominant root B flat; the final section (actually fifth, theoretically fourth) should return to A minor again, and begins as if it meant to do so, but for romantic purposes—or, if you prefer, for the constructive purposes of the opera as a whole—proceeds to C minor. Each of these five sections is roughly the same length, 20 bars. A minuter subdivision is not difficult, because Wagner, like César Frank and Elgar, tends to compose in persistent regular two-bar sections—a trick he inherited from Meyerbeer, like many others.

Most students of composition seem to find great difficulty in mastering principles of form. If they learn about conventional forms in the conventional way their first desire is to show their own originality in breaking the conventional form for no other reason than just breakage. More often they have not enough knowledge to do this, and go ahead trusting to luck. If the principles of form are explained to them as means of intensifying expression, and not as hindrances to expression, they can begin by making reasonable use of the old forms, and may possibly be able to invent really effective new ones.

EDWARD J. DENT.



## IMMANENT FORM

READING the 'Tale of Genji,' that nine-hundred year old novel in which a woman of genius enshrined the æsthetic and aristocratic Japan of her day—I found a passage which seemed to me like a metaphor of mankind's feeling towards music. Prince Genji and the future Empress are discussing the relative beauties of Spring and Autumn.

'Which do you prefer?' he says. 'It is of course useless to argue on such a subject, as has so often been done. It is a question of temperament. Each person is born with "his season" and is bound to prefer it. No one, you may be sure, has ever yet succeeded in convincing anyone else on such a subject. In China it has always been the spring-time with its "broidery of flowers" that has won the highest praise; here, however, the brooding melancholy of autumn seems always to have moved our poets more deeply. For my own part I find it impossible to reach a decision.'

Similar states exist in music. On the one hand are the modernists, the Spring party, keenly interested in everything fresh; on the other, the classicists, the lovers of Autumn, happiest when contemplating the past and its great fulfilments. Midway stand the people, like the eclectic Genji, who enjoy both and find it impossible to reach a decision. I range myself with him. From the central point I seem to observe, however, that by now the Spring lovers are in a great minority, while the majority, the Autumn lovers, are hostile towards the new music. This cannot be wholly due to conservatism, because almost every new work that takes and holds a place in the repertory of to-day makes its first appearance in one of the general programmes of the regular concert series, while the other music, the distilled essence of the new order, is segregated into special concerts given for its behoof, which are usually attended by a sparse and special audience. Here a few keen, resilient intellects remain interested and cheerful throughout, but the majority of the audience testify to their enjoyment by sad faces and apathetic listening, counterpoised by feverish applause at the end. Their comments often remind me of Browning's famous lines—

'Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal  
or woe.'

(Which is not quite as Browning meant it, but may he forgive me!)

Taken for all in all, things seem somewhat amiss with the new music. But what is wrong? Admirable appraisements have been written by abler critics than myself, and the reasons they advanced are so true that my suggestions are added with diffidence. Like Genji, I do not demand to convince anyone, though by now I have some ideas, which are my apology for this article.

First, then, to regard the outer seeming of this new music. In sound it is often harsh or desiccated, in matter and manner hard, bleak and sunless—a spring that is no spring but only a 'winter of our discontent'—a dreadful Doppelgänger to a world where there is no peace but only a prolongation of strife, and a bitter frustration of all the better things that were hoped after the War.

Second, observe that the freedom of the new music has been achieved by erasing old barriers. A modern composer can do literally everything he likes: paradoxically, therefore, it is harder for him to do anything. Aviators without the science of navigation would fly half blind. Composers of to-day suffer a similar disability.

Third, behind the outward seemings and technical constructions of music there is a *something* to which we instinctively respond when we hear the best works of the greatest composers, and which every now and then makes itself felt in a new work, but which is missing in much of the new music. We feel its presence, for example, in the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven, in the operas of Mozart and Wagner, the quartets of Haydn and Brahms; it is partially present in the symphonies of Mahler and Bruckner, and absent in most works by the disciples of Atonality and the Twelve-Note Scale. In what does this 'something' consist? Searching for some constituent of music which, by being necessary to all its manifestations, might therefore be considered as a denominator common to all—and in consequence as an answer to that question—the evidence seemed to point towards *Form* as a possible reply. Music without form is void, and though contemporary music is neither entirely formless nor wholly formal, the ambiguous fluidity of our advanced styles of composition on the one hand and the fashions of neo-Bachism and linear counterpoint on the other, indicate *Form* as a vulnerable spot in modern music. To read the critical appraisements of the works of Stravinsky, Bartok, Hindemith and Schönberg leaves one with a peculiar impression of the intense harmonic drive of these composers and their comparatively vague drift over *Form*. Stravinsky believes that 'music should make a purely physical appeal to the hearer'; his art in its later stages 'obeys no rules but those of its own making,' which again 'are subject to no definite system.' Bartok regards

each of the twelve chromatic notes of the tempered scale as a free agent and the secret of his music 'lies precisely in the absence of any system of composition which can be verbally defined,' though he has made some very interesting experiments with marked rhythms as the basis of Form. Hindemith has established himself as an apostle of atonality and linear counterpoint. He has also a belief that music should be a sort of commodity of everyday life. Schönberg, the intellectual, the philosophical, having realised that in his clean-swept freedom and his twelve-note scale system, each note means just as much or as little as any other, has delimited and differentiated this plastic material into basic shapes which might substitute the fixed points provided by the key centres of classical music. The formula of notes he evolved carries his music well into the region of mathematics; it is also a disguised throw-back to the old principle of a *canto fermo*.

This preference for contrapuntal methods is a marked feature of the new music. What is the position concerning older music?

Turning to harmonic form, to the classical sonata form as used by Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, we find in it great justification for that simile of a cathedral which has been so often used that Sonata Form by now has become fairly invested in our imaginations with the static aspects of builded stone. There is, indeed, something genuinely architectural in its distribution of key centres, themes and sections, but it is unfortunate that the words *contrast*, *balance*, *symmetry*, and the rest, so often used in analysis, have tended to increase the impression that Form is a non-living structure. It was not so to Beethoven, the greatest master of Form, perhaps, that the world has known. A close study of his methods brought me a perception of the value he attached to keys and key centres, and to his favourite idea of 'two opposing principles' in a movement. But even then I did not understand the innermost nature of musical Form, as Beethoven used it. When at last enlightenment broke on me, I experienced such a joy as one seldom gets, the joy of finding a truth. It leapt at me from words written fourteen hundred years ago by a Chinese painter critic, Hsieh Ho, and quoted by Laurence Binyon in his little book 'The Flight of the Dragon.' Hsieh Ho laid down Six Canons, or tests of a painting. The first was 'Rhythmic Vitality, or Spiritual Rhythm expressed in the movement of life.' This, Laurence Binyon says, is the all-important one, and what it means is 'that the artist must pierce beneath the mere aspect of the world to seize and himself to be possessed by that great cosmic rhythm of the spirit which sets the currents of life in motion.' Explaining further, Binyon says 'Rhythm has been limited, as a technical term, to sound in music

and speech' . . . but 'we all know, by experience, that in order to apply the energy of the body to the utmost effect, we must discover a certain related order of movements; and, when this is found and followed, a power comes into play which far surpasses in effect the application of brute strength . . . we rightly recognise this order of movements as rhythm. . . . Well, in every kind of art, is it not just such a discovered principle in ourselves which is of the essence of the impulse towards creation? It is a spiritual rhythm passing into and acting on material things.' This fitted perfectly with Beethoven, and some sentences on the next page were the clue that once and for all elucidated the true nature of musical form. 'Even in architecture,' says Binyon, 'the walls, the roof, the pillars of a great cathedral are in the mind of the architect no mere mass of stones, but so many *co-ordinated energies, each exerting force in relation to each other.*' (The italics are mine.) 'A study of the most rudimentary abstract design will show that the units of line or mass are in reality energies capable of acting on each other. . . . Art is not an adjunct to existence, a reduplication of the actual; it is a hint and a promise of that perfect rhythm, of that ideal life.'

Here, in Spiritual Rhythm, is the truth by which to assay the new music: apply it, and what is the result? The new music is recognized as a reduplication of the actual in its constant asperities of sound, its disregard of beauty, and its strident assertions of standardised thought.

The touchstone is even more illuminating when applied to Form. It shows in a flash that Form is not inert, not static, but a manifestation of life, exerting its thrusts forward and backward, upward and downward, so that contrast, development and symmetry are not ends in themselves but the things that result when the living forces, the thrusts and strains of the structure, are rightly exerted. This is precisely what happens in a Beethoven symphony: Spiritual Rhythm is at work. It is a very different thing from a mere rhythmic bustle of notes and must not be confused with it. Plenty of modern works are rhythmic—though many others are flaccid, but it is the absence of Spiritual Rhythm which constitutes the failure of much modern music. Composers, having dissolved their art into an almost primeval fluidity and freedom, have lost the stable points from which to exert the inter-related energies. Here is an explanation of the reversion nowadays to old contrapuntal methods. Obviously, it is a great deal easier to push a log across a chasm than to build an arch—which is, in effect, the difference between a work on a *canto fermo* and a movement in *Aria form*, just as it is easier to construct a wall than a cathedral—

which, to all intents and purposes, is like the difference between a canon and a Sonata. Strict counterpoint will carry a long, straight strain; free counterpoint and fugue are tiers in a richly arcaded façade but in harmonic Sonata form the key centres render possible the highly complex system of building which has often been likened—and rightly so—to a Gothic Cathedral.

Even in small things—and modern music tends towards brevity—Spiritual Rhythm is required. Without it where would have been the perfection of a Haydn Menuet, or the grandeur of a Beethoven slow movement. There are wonderful examples of the latter in the Piano Sonatas—and perhaps some of the shortest are the most amazing. In their few bars they open vistas straight into Eternity. Of Beethoven, as of a sixth century Chinese painter, it can be said that he could paint ten thousand miles on a fan.

With Spiritual Rhythm behind, even music as a commodity for every-day uses would become ennobled in the right way.

Looking once more to Japan for an example, one finds it in the colour prints of the Yedo artisans. They were made by the people for the people in what was—artistically—a degenerate period, but the great tradition of Rhythm behind them gives a life to their lines and masses which moves us strangely. Whether it be such a fascinating figure group as Hiroshige's 'Shono: Wind and Rain' where the blast of the squall tingles uphill; or his 'Seba: Moonrise' where each line flows swiftly into the distance; or his exquisite aspiration in tranquillity of 'Full Moon on Kanazawa,' one perceives this Rhythm at work. Hokusai's fiercer vision lays bare the soul of a mountain in his two impressions of 'Fuji in clear Weather' and 'Fuji above the Lightning,' and his picture 'The Hollow of the Deep-Sea Wave off Kanagawa' is an amazing expression of elemental force in all its cruelty and exhilaration. It expresses 'a state of the soul' in Nature.

Is it too much to ask that the composers of to-day, who advocate 'commodity' music, should give us something comparable to these Japanese colour prints? I do not know; but before composers can do so it will be necessary for them to drop their preoccupation with the outer seeming of things—that preoccupation which in the early years of the century found its expression in elaborate programme music, and to-day in political and mechanical issues. The stridently inchoate works of Mittel-Europa often make me think of the Cockney woman who remarked, after hearing a noted preacher, 'E's a spanking spouter, but what I arsk myself is, does 'e live as 'e 'ollers?' These composers do 'live as they 'oller.' Being artists, they cannot avoid

sensitivity to their environment, but instead of transcending, they surrender to it. Such is the effect of their musical oratory that the executants who perform their works often become adversely affected. This has been said of music before in earlier epochs, and not without some truth, but to-day it has become a vital matter. When capable musicians are to be heard playing Mozart's string quartets in the tempered scale, or phrasing Beethoven's Sonatas like a motor exhaust, common sense cries out against the senseless tyranny. Must the mechanics of to-day invade even the past? Must we meekly accept the gigantic illusion of material issues as a sort of gospel just because it is the mode? I refuse to see the necessity.

Executants can make their protest by cultivating wider views and clearer discrimination. They must distinguish sharply between the different styles of performance demanded by different periods in music and they must learn to employ them, just as the Japanese artists very sensibly recognised that 'while one style was suited to one set of themes, another was apter for another set . . . it was even possible for the same painter to use two or more quite different styles.'

For composers the case is harder. They are, or should be, those who 'pioneer for us upon the marches of heaven.' I will not join the people who think that the composers of the new music pioneer upon the marches of the other place, but I believe that many composers to-day, in their absorption with things material, have forgotten the profound truth which Blake expressed in his couplet—

'We are led to believe a lie  
When we see *with* not *through* the eye.'

Many of them (or so it appears from their music) have no wish to pierce beneath the material aspect of the world, or have given up the attempt in despair. If their music does not live in the future, it will be because they have been defeatists in their philosophy. What sort of hope do they give us of anything better than to-day? None. And in that is their condemnation. They have defaulted from the common task of humanity. It is a terrible default, for never in the world's history has music played so large a part, or the spiritual need been so great. When the composers are resolved fully to lead again, they will find a vaster following than ever before. The Spring and Autumn lovers will both be there.

MARION M. SCOTT.



## A BEETHOVEN FRIENDSHIP

### LOST DOCUMENTS RECOVERED

ON November the 15th, 1815, Kaspar Anton Karl van Beethoven succumbed to the disease which had been torturing him for years, and in his will appointed his brother Ludwig guardian of his son Karl, then nine years of age. It was an evil day for Beethoven. He was not the man to take his duties lightly, and for three years the struggle to secure for himself the sole control of the boy's upbringing, and to save him from the evil influence of his mother—the 'Queen of the Night' as he was fond of calling her, not thinking solely of the 'Magic Flute'—monopolized his attention and exhausted his energies. Had it not been for the self-sacrificing efforts of his friends, who, in spite of the rudest rebuffs, and in face of a growing conviction that most of his troubles were of his own making, loyally seconded his wildest enterprises, there can be no doubt that Beethoven would have broken completely under the strain, or at least that his career as a composer would have been at an end. As it was, his slender output during these years, though in part due to a profound change in his conception of the composer's function, is largely to be attributed to his absorption in an undertaking that robbed him of the calm and leisure necessary to artistic creation.

Among the friends who stood by him during this period of crisis none deserve a more honoured place than the family of Kajetan Giannatasio del Rio, the proprietor of the boarding-school in which, once the joint-guardianship of the mother was declared null and void, Beethoven decided to place his nephew. With Kajetan himself, his wife, and above all his two daughters Fanny and Anna (Nanni), Beethoven was soon on terms of intimacy, and although the friendship meant more to them than it did to him—Fanny, as her diary<sup>(1)</sup> shows, came perilously near to falling in love—it is obvious to anyone who reads through the whole story of these years that it brought Beethoven himself more than he was always willing to acknowledge.

But of one opportunity of repaying his debt he took full advantage.

(1) This diary formed the basis of a book published by Ludwig Nohl in 1875 under the question-begging title of 'Eine stille Liebe zu Beethoven.' An English translation appeared in 1876. Thayer discusses the whole matter at length.



On February 6th, 1819, Nanni Giannatasio del Rio, the younger of the two sisters and Beethoven's favourite, was married to a certain Leopold Schmerling, and the composer celebrated the occasion by writing a little wedding-song. Over sixty years later the circumstances of its performance were described by Nanni's daughter, Anna Pessiak-Schmerling, in a letter to Thayer, Beethoven's biographer. 'Beethoven,' she relates, 'wrote for my mother on the occasion of her marriage a wedding-song to words by Prof. Stein, then Tutor to the Imperial Princes. When mother reached home after the church ceremony she was greeted by a beautiful quartet for male voices, and when it was over Beethoven came out of his hiding-place and with a few heartfelt greetings and congratulations handed to mother the manuscript of the quartet she had just heard' (Thayer-Deiters, Bd. 4, p. 518). In a later letter Frau Pessiak gives a somewhat fuller account. 'When the young couple returned from the ceremony,' she says, 'they heard a very beautiful male voice (*eine sehr schöne Männerstimme*), followed by a quartet for male voices, with piano accompaniment. . . . The performers, and Beethoven himself, were hidden in a corner of the room . . .' (Thayer-Deiters, Bd. 4, p. 155). She goes on to say that the manuscript was later stolen from her mother while she was absent for a long period from her home, and, in spite of all her efforts, was never recovered. To this Thayer adds that with Beethoven's letters to Giannatasio it found its way to England, where he saw it later in the possession of Ewer and Co., the London music publishers, and took a copy of it. He was thus able to record it in his Chronological Catalogue of Beethoven's works (*Chronologisches Verzeichnis der Werke Ludwig van Beethoven's*, Berlin, 1865; no. 219), and to quote the opening theme. According to Deiters's notes to Thayer, autograph and letters subsequently disappeared once more.

Not, however, before the former had been put to a flattering, if rather surprising, use. On January 25th, 1858, the Princess Royal was to be married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and Messrs. Ewer remembered that they had an appropriate offering ready to hand. Early in the year they published:

'The Wedding Song, written and by gracious permission dedicated to Her Royal Highness Victoria, Princess Royal, on her Wedding Day, by John Oxenford. The music composed by L. van Beethoven. Posthumous work.' A copy of this publication, which has long been out of print, is preserved in the British Museum. Though the music is in the key of A and not of C a glance is sufficient to show its essential identity with the 'Hochzeitslied für Giannatasio del Rio' recorded by

Thayer. Thayer himself was acquainted with this edition, but obviously regarded it chiefly as a curiosity, and it was only natural that later writers, who had no access to any other text, should have suspected that the publishers had been guilty of more serious liberties than simple transposition.

In 1924 these suspicions were strengthened by the discovery in the archives of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel of what appeared to be the long-lost autograph. Dr. Wilhelm Hitzig, the librarian, who found it among a collection of sketches by Beethoven for cadenzas to his piano concertos, in reporting his discovery in the 'Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft' (1924/25), naturally assumed not only that it was the manuscript which Thayer saw in London—he conjectured that it had found its way to Leipzig at the time when Breitkopf and Härtel were known to be preparing their Complete Edition of Beethoven's works—but also that it was the source of Messrs. Ewer's publication.<sup>(2)</sup> About the latter, in consequence, he has some very hard things to say. 'It gives,' he says, 'only a very approximate idea of the original. The work is transposed from C to A, the instrumental interludes are either omitted or introduced in places where they are not found in the original, and the chorus in unison is replaced by a positively atrocious (*geradezu schauderhaft gesetzten*) four-part chorus. . . . The English edition is thus in every respect an impossible one.' Three years later, in the Beethoven Centenary issue of 'Der Bär' (1927), Dr. Hitzig was able to publish the full text of the Leipzig autograph, and anyone who was able to compare it with the English edition must certainly have thought his strictures justified.

And yet they are, so far as they reflect on the English publishers, totally unfounded. If the Ewer edition is regarded as an attempted reproduction of the Leipzig autograph it is certainly an inexcusable piece of work. But as a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind: it is based on another manuscript, equally authoritative, which, words apart,<sup>(3)</sup> it reproduces faithfully except for a trivial slip at the end. If there are atrocities it is Beethoven himself who must be held responsible.

This manuscript, together with seventeen of the letters of Beethoven to Giannatasio del Rio, a leaf from one of the 'Conversation Books,' a letter from Karl van Beethoven, and other documents of less

(2) His statement that it was brought to England by Giannatasio himself appears to be pure conjecture. He does not repeat it in his second article, to which I refer later.

(3) As Oxenford's verses are not a translation I have refrained from reproducing them here. I may say, however, that they are not nearly as funny as the extra verses to the National Anthem which Tennyson wrote for the same occasion (see *Musical Times*, Feb., 1858, p. 193).

importance, is now in the possession of a granddaughter of their original English owner. This was Edward Buxton, a friend of Mendelssohn and for many years the leading partner in the firm of Ewer and Co. Accompanying these manuscripts is the following note :

London, 11th April, 1858.

Mr. E. Buxton,  
firm J. J. Ewer & Co.

Sir,

I beg herewith to hand you the following Manuscripts of L. v. Beethoven which have hitherto been in the possession of Signor Giannastasio del Rio—my relation—

2 copies—Hochzeitsgesang  
1 „ 4 Part Song  
1 „ Song with Harp  
1 „ Recit. „ Pftö

and 29 letters of which I cede to you the whole & sole copyright for the sum of forty Pounds Sterling

And remain

Your ob. Sert

Edward Czippick,

Gut Steinerhof

bey Bruck a. d. Mur,  
Steyermärk.

This settles once and for all the question of how the manuscripts came to England. It is now clear that Mr. Buxton<sup>(4)</sup> bought them in good faith, obviously with a view to publication, and that he had every reason to believe that he was dealing with their legal owner. Edward Czippick was indeed, as he claimed, a relative of Giannastasio del Rio; he was the husband of one of Giannastasio's granddaughters, the eldest sister of Thayer's correspondent, who mentions him in passing in one of her letters (30 March, 1887). We there learn that he was a 'Magnétiseur,' presumably a follower of Mesmer in the application of electricity to medicine, and that he was the proprietor of certain 'pine-needle' baths in the Steinerhof at Kapfenberg in Styria. What is more significant is the information that Giannastasio's two daughters came to live with Czippick on Nanni's widowhood. If

(4) Thayer believed them to be the property of William Witt, later sole proprietor of Ewer and Co., but in this he was evidently mistaken.

the manuscripts were stolen there can be little doubt who was the thief.

On the letters to Giannatasio I shall have something to say later. For the present I will confine myself to the music. The last three of the four pieces mentioned need not detain us long. Two of them, the Song with Harp and the Recitative with Pianoforte (really a 'melodrama,' with harmonica accompaniment), are still preserved with the other papers, and turn out to be copies (not autograph) of two of the musical interludes which Beethoven wrote in 1814 or 1815 for *Leonora Prohaska*, the ill-fated play by Duncker, Secretary to the King of Prussia. The '4 Part Song' was probably the Chorus of Warriors which Beethoven also wrote for this work. But the mention of two copies of the 'Hochzeitsgesang' is important. Can there be any doubt that these were the two alternative versions we have been considering?

It is time to discuss them in more detail. The Leipzig manuscript, as described by Dr. Hitzig, is on oblong paper, 24×31 cm., and consists of two leaves, three pages of which are occupied by the music of the song while the fourth is blank, save for a rough pencil sketch. At the head of the composition Beethoven has written: 'Mit Feuer doch verständlich und deutlich—Am 14<sup>ten</sup> Jenner 1819—für H. v. Giannattasio del Rio von L. v. Beethoven.' The English manuscript is on upright paper, 32×22 cm., and consists of four leaves, the front page blank and the remaining seven containing the music. There is no inscription or signature of any kind, but no one at all familiar with Beethoven autographs could fail to recognize his handwriting.

What then of the atrocities of which Beethoven, and not his English publisher, now stands accused? On examination the charge proves to be based on a misconception. Taken by itself Beethoven's four-part chorus is indeed very queer stuff, as a glance at the facsimile will show. But it obviously was not intended to be complete in itself: it is merely a supplement to the piano part, which not only doubles the melody throughout but alone supplies the essential harmonies and binds the whole together. Beethoven was writing for amateurs, and if we bear this in mind we shall not only be able to appreciate the peculiar features of each version but also to make a guess at their relation to one another. There can, I think, be little doubt that it was the Leipzig version which was actually sung on the wedding day, for it is the only version which at all fits Frau Pessiak-Schmerling's account of the ceremony. A 'quartet for male voices' may seem a strange way of describing male voices in unison, even if there were

only four singers, but it at least rules out the English version, which could only be sung by a mixed choir. As an explanation of the existence of the two versions I would suggest that Beethoven first wrote for the normal S.A.T.B., but that subsequently, either because the ladies let him down or the singers as a whole were too inexpert to sing even the simplest parts, he found it necessary to substitute a unison chorus for male voices only, and even to attempt to make matters still easier by transposing the work from A to C.

Its musical merits in either version are not perhaps very great: its simple vigour gives it a certain impressiveness, and that is about all that one can say. But it does possess one point of interest which seems to have escaped the commentators. Nottebohm in his MS. notes to Thayer's Catalogue briefly records his discovery of sketches for the work among a number of sketches for the Ninth Symphony, and leaves the matter there. But is it fanciful to see a definite connection between the two works? At any rate the curious may care to compare the opening of the Chorus of the Wedding Song with Beethoven's setting of the words 'Deine Zauber binden wieder' in the Finale of the Symphony.

Of the letters to Giannatasio only seventeen now remain of the original twenty-nine. With one exception all have been published,<sup>(5)</sup> though never so far in an accurate text. In the absence of the autographs editors have had to have recourse to the versions given in two articles published by Eduard Duboc (Robert Waldmüller) in the Leipzig periodical 'Die Grenzboten' in 1857. This text, however, is often unreliable in points of detail and shows throughout a desire to tidy up Beethoven's spelling and syntax. Occasionally there are more serious errors. A single example of one that has been repeated in all editions must suffice. It is in the letter numbered 675 in Kalischer's edition. The accepted version reads 'die Mutter (i.e. of his nephew, Karl) will *ich* in einen besseren Kredit mit der Nachbarschaft setzen, und so erzeige ich ihr den Gefallen, ihren Sohn morgen zu ihr zu führen in Gesellschaft eines Dritten,' and the passage has been used to show that Beethoven could occasionally appreciate even his arch-enemy's point of view. The autograph, however, reads *sich* not *ich*, which alters the sense completely and gives the passage once more the familiar bitter tone.<sup>(6)</sup>

But the publication of a correct text of the letters must be reserved

(5) In Kalischer's edition (Eng. tr.) they are Nos. 495, 522, 530, 564, 566-571, 578, 660, 668, 670, 671, 675.

(6) Accepted version: 'I am anxious to put the mother in better odour with her neighbours. . . . ' Autograph: 'The mother is anxious to put herself in better odour with her neighbours. . . . '

for another occasion. The unpublished letter, however, deserves quotation here, if only because, on a first reading, it seems to contain a reference to the Wedding Song we have been discussing. It is a brief note in pencil, undated, and runs as follows :

Ich werde ihnen morgen sagen lassen mein werthester G., wann Sie zu mir kommen können, leider habe ich zu ihrem Liede nicht kommen können, jedoch werde ich trachten *Morgen*, die Stimmen dazu zu setzen, überhäuft mit sehr vielem, was nach London neuerdings muss, diesem ist der Aufschub zuzuschreiben. In Eile  
Ihr Freund

Beethoven.

*Translation.*

I will let you know to-morrow, my dear G., when you can come to me. Unfortunately I have not had time to tackle your song, but will try to-morrow to set the parts to it. I have been overwhelmed with a mass of work which I have just had to send off to London.<sup>(7)</sup> This is the reason for my delay. In haste. Your friend. Beethoven.

One is certainly tempted to identify the song here mentioned with the 'Hochzeitslied,' especially as there is no record of any other song written for Giannatasio, but the reference to London seems rather to point to 1816, when Beethoven was busy supplying Birchall with a number of pieces of which the latter had purchased the English copyright. By 1819 Thomson of Edinburgh, as stubborn a bargainer as Beethoven himself, was the only person in the Kingdom who thought it still worth while to talk business with him. The London publishers had long given him up as hopeless.<sup>(8)</sup>

I have left to the last the oddest item in the whole collection. The text of it will be found printed as part of one of the letters (no. 568 in Kalischer's edition) but it has really nothing to do with any of them. It is in fact a leaf from one of the 'Conversation Books,' and gives in Beethoven's handwriting his reply to a question from a stranger about the relative usefulness of music and painting. One can only hope that the stranger was satisfied. 'Both in painting and music,' writes Beethoven (I quote from Shedlock's translation), 'a pair of snuffers

<sup>(7)</sup> Or perhaps 'that has to go to London again.'

<sup>(8)</sup> Since writing the above I have, however, discovered that Beethoven's communications to Thomson were sent, not direct, but via Messrs. Coutts of London; and also that there is reason to believe that it was early in 1819 that Beethoven sent Ries the 'Hammerclavier Sonata' and the Quintet Op. 104 to dispose of to a London publisher. The question of date must therefore remain an open one, but it is worth noting that if the 'Lied' referred to in the letter is the 'Hochzeitslied,' the reference must almost certainly be to the version with four-part chorus.



Handwritten musical score for a system of six staves. The notation is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the handwritten text "show" and "allum 4/32 in". The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The sixth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals.

Handwritten musical score for a system of six staves. The notation is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the handwritten text "Lofen Lofen Gnu" and "Lofen Lofen Gnu". The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The sixth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals.

is needed. Both exert a good influence; the latter, however, can also be of great use to ladies.<sup>(9)</sup> Yes, of great use to them, in that with the receipts from concerts one can buy one's self a pair of snuffers.' Compared with this conundrum, to which even those most familiar with Beethoven's peculiar brand of humour have failed to find a clue, the problems of the Wedding Song, 'atrocities' and all, sink into insignificance.

C. B. OLDMAN.

<sup>(9)</sup> Kalischer's 'Damen' should perhaps be replaced by 'Armen' (*to the poor*), which gives at least a glimmering of sense.

## THE TRAINING OF THE MUSICAL IMAGINATION

GREAT harm has been done to musical education, and great discouragement inflicted upon the musical public, by ill-advised sceptical statements as to the possibility of reading music silently as we read literature. The scepticism has probably been provoked by foolish statements as to the imaginative powers of score-readers. At the turn of the century an article appeared in *Cosmopolis* in which the author put forward a new kind of poetry, in which a whole page was to be read in a single *coup d'œil*, as the musician reads a full score. The creator of this new art stated that every town in the kingdom possessed one or more Doctors of Music to whom the reading of full scores gave an immediate pleasure superior to that of actual performance, because it combined full information on technical matters and an immunity from accidental defects. The creator of this new art overlooked the fact that, if the score-reader is reading something that he has heard, he is retracing the memory of his own experience of sounds; and that he is none the less recombining remembered sounds when the composition is new to him. The inventor of scored poetry (I forget what he called it) did not, as far as I recollect, tell us whether his poetic symphonies were ever to be recited; nor how, if recited, their meaning was to reach the listener. Perhaps his favourite pastime in his youth had been the game of Shouting Proverbs.

The difficulties of armchair score-reading have been exaggerated, but they exist, and there is no reason for adding them to the difficulties of reading literature; but there is serious reason for protesting against the neglect of score-reading in the training, not only of professional musicians, but of all music-lovers. Some time ago, Sir Henry Hadow did great service to musical education by roundly stating that the armchair reading of music is not difficult. It is disappointing to find that more effect has not been produced by this statement by so brilliant a writer and so eminent an authority on all matters of education, general and musical. The neglect of score-reading by persons who ought to be musical scholars has for some years produced symptoms amounting to a major scandal. The critical editions of musical classics in the latter half of the nineteenth century had grave defects which Macaulay's schoolboy can easily

detect nowadays, and which give delicious occasion for sneers from persons to whom they are pointed out by the inheritors of the despised old scholarship by which the pioneer work was achieved; but the worst blunders of those *Gesammtausgaben* are venial sins compared to the massive ineptitudes of much that has more recently been put forward as results of musical scholarship. Mr. Wotton has exposed the iniquities of the 'critical' edition of Berlioz's works; and, while I must enthusiastically join in the recognition recently given to Bach's *Kunst der Fuge*, I cannot refrain from insisting that the recognition has been accompanied by statements which show that many persons claiming to musical scholarship and to knowledge of the orchestra have never played from score in their lives. At the end of the nineteenth century we may have been more innocent, but we were more enterprising. The experiment was often tried, and in one case published at great expense, of putting fugues from the Forty-eight into open score. Prout revealed by that process that Bach's part-writing was real and that Mendelssohn's was not. The *Kunst der Fuge*, prepared as far as it was finished by Bach himself for publication in score, and published immediately after his death, was, when I was a boy, accessible chiefly in Czerny's edition, which was printed as keyboard music with Czerny's often excellent fingerings; and no sane person had any reason to doubt that it was keyboard music until recent editors have stated that it was not playable and have thereby proved that they never tried to play it. My own wish is to see it adopted in musical education as I use it myself. In score, without the distraction of an interlined pianoforte 'crib,' it constitutes the finest possible school of score-reading in its first stage, the stage at which accuracy must be learned and can be achieved, before the student attempts the compromises of orchestral score-playing.

My present concern, however, is rather with the imaginative reading of music than with the reduction of scores to the limits of pianoforte-playing. What is at stake here is the whole training of the musical imagination. This should be the first and last concern of musical educators. As we do not live in Utopia, we need not be surprised to encounter famous musicians whose habits and training display everything that the conscientious teacher should regard as naughty. These great artists do not prove that the conscientious teacher is wrong, nor even that their habits have been harmless to them; though the critic would be rash as well as impertinent who should deduce a-priori that their art must be defective because of their habits. We need not imitate the rabid apostle of temperance who prophesies delirium tremens to persons who are well able to carry their liquor.

The ill-timed use of the pianoforte is foremost among the bad habits which not even the achievements of Haydn, Schumann and Berlioz can turn into good habits. Sullivan committed an unpardonable blasphemy against the art of music when he set Adelaide Proctor's poem about the Lost Chord. The poetess may be forgiven for her sentimental description of the lowest type of musical maunderings, but no real composer ought to have confirmed his country in its self-satisfied ignorance of music by signing his name to a musical setting of those words. Fumbling for great Amens on the noisy keys of an organ is a method of composition which ought not to be encouraged in students who have talent for anything better; and it is encouraged by people who talk sceptically about score-reading.

That which trains the imagination is good; that which starves or dulls the imagination is bad. Sitting at the keyboard and fumbling for lost chords is bad for the imagination. The poetess herself clearly tells us that the lost chord was struck by accident. Samuel Butler has already pointed out that it must have been two chords if it sounded like a great Amen, and my own theory is that the organist had stumbled into a plagal cadence and probably often afterwards struck one or other of the chords without recognising them, because he or she never got the first chord in a subdominant relation to the other. Obviously a little knowledge of theory would have given the organist's imagination the freedom of all the Amens in Berlioz's Requiem; which, by the way, ends with one now known as the 'Gounod' cadence. This, Charles Hallé tells us, Berlioz actually discovered by letting his fingers wander idly over the keyboard. What amused Hallé was that Berlioz should have thought the cadence particularly original.

Evidently it must be a bad habit that persistently substitutes accident for imagination. But the old-fashioned method of confining harmony exercises to paper-work is now discredited, and the teachers of it undoubtedly starved their pupils in precisely the food that the imagination needs. I have in mind the case of an excellent musician who gave up all hope of learning any musical theory because her teacher would never let her hear or play an unfamiliar chord before she had worked it out on paper in an exercise. Such discipline is nonsensical. Memory is the natural food of the imagination, and abstract calculation is a worse substitute for it than the idlest of wanderings over noisy keys. Mr. R. O. Morris and others have for some time past been leading a renaissance of the real classical method of studying harmony from figured bass: not on paper (unless as a preliminary exercise in spelling), but at the keyboard, in accordance

with the original purpose of the figured bass as a shorthand for the filling-out of the harmonic background of an instrumental ensemble. What the teacher must forbid is any confusion between keyboard-work and paper-work. The student at the keyboard must not write. The student who is writing must not use the keyboard as a 'crib.' Extemporisation is a pastime which may lead to all manner of bad habits, but at least half the æsthetic resources of classical music have originated in it, and the wise teacher will neither close the playground nor supervise the games until they become a worse tyranny than the lessons.

Every musical activity has its proper part in training the imagination, and its danger of warping or starving the imagination by misuse. The orthodox rules of musical grammar are generalisations from the experience of composers. They are completely misunderstood if they are regarded as a-priori principles to which the composers were bound by authority. Beethoven's fellow-students laughed at him for finding out by disconcerting experience what more docile people knew by rule of thumb; and Beethoven's own epigram that he learnt the rules in order to know how to break them has often been supplemented by the comment that he learnt them first and broke them afterwards. One of Walter Bagehot's most illuminating phrases is his description of Macaulay as a person of 'inexperiencing' character. A photographic and phonographic memory like Macaulay's must be a constant obstacle to growth, for it makes the recorded and immutable past nearly as vivid as, and much more varied than the living and changing present; yet it would be better for most of us never to outgrow the pleasures of Macaulay's mental pantechicon than to grow up into an æsthetic system in which music has degenerated into mental arithmetic. Such a consummation has more than once been attained through an orthodox training that was thought to be classical, and it is more likely to be attained through some of the a-priori revolutionary systems of the present day.

As to the results of the orthodox training, I have seen them embodied in a printed exercise for the Doctorate of Music as achieved under the regulations of some fifty years ago. This exercise was a short oratorio in which an 8-part chorus was accompanied by a full orchestra. The whole composition from beginning to end moved in minims and crotchets, not only in the chorus, but in the orchestra. In the days when this fabric was erected, the graduand had to conduct a performance of it at his own expense. Now let us consider the state to which the composing and producing of this work had reduced the composer's imagination. There could be no possible ground for



refusing him his doctor's degree. The prescribed rules for the composition exacted a monstrous amount of skilled labour which the composer had thoroughly executed without a mistake. Strict obedience to the grammatical rules would, in fact, make it impossible for an 8-part chorus to sound bad. The rules are the equivalent of traffic regulations, and when the evidence before the court is that the alleged collision took place between two stationary cars each on its proper side of the road, the court can only conclude that there was no collision at all.

Now let us have no doubt about the fact that correct choral writing, whether for four or for eight parts, and whether or not reinforced by an equally correct full orchestra, produces an impressive volume of euphony. There is no question here of originality or of intellectual content. The fact remains that the plagal cadence at the end of a Handel chorus is not only like the sound of a great Amen, but is precisely that sound, and is aesthetically worth more where Handel automatically puts it than when it was the solitary and accidental deviation into sense by the idle fingers of the weary and uneasy organist. Beethoven said that Handel was the master of masters in that no other composer produced such splendid effects by such simple means. Obviously the greatness of Handel depends, not upon his originality, about which he was notoriously unscrupulous, but upon the freshness of his imagination; and it is hardly possible to discover any technical symptoms by which his greatest work can be distinguished from his dullest. We still fondly apologise for the weakness of much of our nineteenth-century music by alleging that English music was crushed by the ponderous genius of Handel. It suffered no such fate. It was inflated by the dangerous ambition to achieve the Handelian naturalness and sublimity by composers whose talents might have made high instead of low art of light opera, and whose imaginations would have been greatly stimulated by the study of art-forms interesting for their own sake and unprovincially definite in technique.

To return to the case of our doctor's exercise. Its composer may at one time have had some imagination, but his handling of the orchestra showed conclusively that his whole training had been systematically devoted to destroying whatever imagination he had started with. He can never have had any ambition to handle an orchestra for its own sake, and now the regulations for his doctor's degree compelled him to handle it by rule of thumb as a support to an 8-part chorus constructed also by rule of thumb. The regulations themselves showed an infantile notion of the technique of choral

writing. The Bachelor of Music was required to handle five voices. The Doctor of Music must show a higher accomplishment by handling eight. A moderate knowledge of the facts of classical music ought to convince anybody that the proper treatment of eight voices is much simpler than that of five. In any case, the technical difference is negligible if the music has any reality at all. The framers of the regulations showed no knowledge of why any composer should write for eight voices; and the 8-part writing of Handel himself would have been ignominiously ploughed if it had been presented in a degree exercise. However, this Doctor of Music complied with all the regulations and, having given incontestable proof that he had no previous orchestral experience whatever, had the costly but intense thrill of conducting his own work. My own imagination boggles at what the experience must have meant to him. He cannot have been very sensitive to the effect of works of art as wholes, and so the dullness and monotony of his composition can hardly have been evident to him. The work had cost him hideous labour, quite as satisfactory as that of an arithmetician evaluating  $\pi$  to a thousand places of decimals. And now the faithful labours of the graduand were rewarded by an hour's outburst of solid unwavering euphony—nothing more and nothing less. He had not imagined this: he had only kept the rules; but the work was his own, though he had not known that it was in him. For the rest of his life the whole past, present and future of music was lost in the glory of his own realisation that if you keep the rules nothing can prevent your choral harmony from attaining the sound of a great Amen. There is, of course, a slight exaggeration in saying that the inhabitant of this fools' paradise had no idea of the sound of his work while he was writing it; but it is quite accurate to say that his training had systematically deprived him of the free exercise of his imagination, and that the glorious experience of hearing so much euphony created merely by his keeping the rules must have confirmed him in a state of mind to which any exercise of free imagination would seem painful if he could conceive it at all.

There is nothing destructive to the imagination in keeping rules. If everything in this exercise had been as imaginative as the most inspired works of Handel, the rules might still have been kept more strictly than by Handel himself. And it is not only possible, but sometimes desirable, to use an orchestra simply to double voices for a chorus. It might even be desirable, as happened once or twice to Bach himself, that such an orchestral support might be furnished for a whole choral work which the choir had not time to learn properly without such support. But here was a composer living in a world where the symphonies of Beethoven were in the repertoire of every

decent orchestra and the scores of most of the orchestral classics were published at reasonable prices; yet every natural ambition to use an orchestra to proper purpose was so crushed out of him by his training that when he was actually compelled to provide an orchestra in a performance of his own work at his own expense he could think of nothing for it to do beyond supporting and imitating standardised vocal harmony. The opportunity was far more rare than it is now, though I myself never heard my own orchestration until I was 28.

At the other extreme of a composer's opportunities we have a case cited by Richard Strauss in his edition of Berlioz's treatise on instrumentation. A man brought to him a concert overture in which the four tubas specially devised by Wagner for the solemn purposes of his *Ring* danced throughout the score in the simplest of waltz rhythms. When Strauss pointed out the futility of this procedure, the composer said: 'But goodness me, every orchestra has them nowadays: why shouldn't I use them?' Such people, says Strauss, cannot be helped.

The problem then is this: first, to train the musical imagination; and, secondly, to keep it fresh. I shall now venture to go into some details of my own experience as a reader of music; there being nothing immodest in choosing an experience which nobody can know so well as myself.

I began the study of harmony at the proper mental age—that is to say, when I was ten. The correct resolutions of the dominant seventh, the dodge for avoiding forbidden consecutives in a scale of four-part chords of the sixth, the ruling by which a sequence can or cannot justify a rough progression; all such matters belong to the mental age of the inky schoolboy and are a ridiculous diet for the mind of the sceptical undergraduate. I frankly do not know a satisfactory solution of the undergraduate's problems if he has not had the right education; unless the solution is to endure the martyrdom of Berlioz as a man of genius and character. The breezy solution of omitting the elementary training altogether has not been accepted by such men themselves. Even Beethoven felt that his early training had been defective, and his grievance against Haydn was not that Haydn advised him against publishing the best and boldest of the three trios of his first opus, but that Haydn had not the patience to correct his counterpoint exercises thoroughly. I am not comparing myself with any such great men, but am dealing with educational conditions that should be open betimes to all musicians. My first master in harmony and counterpoint was Parratt, whose glorious sense of humour enabled master and pupil to see the fun of admitting frankly that drudgery was drudgery. The authors of the textbooks he found it convenient to use might

have been disconcerted if they suspected how he spoke of them; but perkiness towards great music was not a weed that could flourish in his climate, though it pervaded large tracts of the technical articles in *Grove's Dictionary*. The one great lost opportunity of my early years was that, under the mistaken idea that organ-playing would be bad for my pianoforte touch, I never learnt the organ from Parratt; but I did form all my notions of that instrument from hearing and watching him every Sunday in the organ-loft of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and I grew up in the happy and stimulating delusion that the organ was a rhythmic instrument, and that the use of its stops was analogous to good orchestration. In Parratt's hands both these propositions were true, and many significant evidences of this are still to be found in his contributions on organ-playing in *Grove's Dictionary*, where he laid down principles which no changes in the modern instrument can make out of date. My disillusion was great when I first heard organists of coarser fibre on the Continent and elsewhere; and as a teacher I have since accumulated a long experience of the difficulties of syringing out the mental ears of organists who never know how many sounds they are producing with their mutation stops. I was not conscious in my childhood that there was such a thing as a special 'Parratt school' of organ-playing, and to this day the expression makes me see red, because for me Parratt stands for music, and you might as well talk of the 'musical school' of musicianship, or describe such and such an astronomer as belonging to the 'scientific school' of astronomy. Parratt's organ-playing was, like the whole of his teaching and personality, a continual stimulus to the imagination because it was perfectly clear. Experience is a good school only if it is the experience of what ought to happen, and I am thankful that my early experience of the organ was so strictly confined. I have a great disbelief in the experience of the grandmother who confidently takes charge of the sick grandchild because she has buried six of her own children.

Another great advantage of my early experience of music was that I lived neither in London nor too far from it. The 'eighties and 'nineties were the great days of the Saturday and Monday 'Pops' in St. James's Hall, and excursions from Eton to hear Joachim and Clara Schumann were neither too rare to accumulate into a general experience nor too common to remain memorable. Moreover, Payne's miniature scores had just begun to come out, and were on sale at these concerts. Not only did they become infinitely more valuable records of the treat than the analytical programmes, which merely infuriated me, but, apart from concerts, these scores were within at

least fortnightly reach of a boy's pocket-money of sixpence a week. Most of the Haydn quartets were sixpence each, while Mozart and Beethoven ranged from ninepence to a shilling.

The acoustics of the old St. James's Hall were so good that it was a positive advantage to me that the hall was really too large for chamber music. I looked with awe at the fortissimo opening of the Schubert D minor Quartet, and received a stimulating shock when I found that as a listener I must learn to appreciate the gradations between the grasshopper energy which reached my ears in this opening and the awe-inspiring pianissimo of the *Tod und das Mädchen* Variations with their appalling pathos.

At about the same time, somewhere about 1886 or '87, I had what I still believe to be the most stimulating possible experience of orchestral music. Whether it was my first experience of an orchestra I cannot say, but it was the first that made a vivid impression on me. Lady Hallé was playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto. I had already begun to find score-reading the most exciting of my diversions, with the exception of actual composition, which was too absorbing for me to think whether it was exciting or not. I had no orchestral score of the Beethoven Concerto, but during the forty minutes' railway journey I read the pianoforte score. My expectations of large musical form were based on the experience of sonatas, and I was very much puzzled by what seemed to me the patchiness of the long opening tutti, and especially by the fact that after the first fortissimo irruption in a remote key the whole enormous procession of themes remained flatly in D major. I was held up at the 10th bar by the mysterious D sharp which so obstinately refuses to explain itself; and I had great difficulty in imagining the sound of it, both in itself and in its effect upon the context. As to tone-colour, I suppose that I must have imagined it more or less as pianoforte music, though I had already begun to feel suspicious of the style of pianoforte arrangements of orchestral music. Moreover, to this day I find that my imagination is as lazy as Nature in following the line of least resistance. I am bored by reading pianoforte music, because if it is not monstrously difficult I can do so much better by playing it; and if it is too difficult to read at sight it is also probably difficult to construe, so that in any case to practise it technically is as quick a way to know it as to read it in an armchair. And so, what with one thing and another, I did not get far beyond the entry of the solo violin in reading the pianoforte score of the Beethoven Concerto on the way from Windsor to Paddington. I cannot say what difference it might have made to my experience if I had had the full score to read. Probably not much, for I did not

associate the names of oboe, clarinet and bassoon with definite tone-colours, and I remember reading Mozart's three great symphonies in 1889 while uncertain as to whether horns transposed upwards or downwards.

On the whole, I think it was an additional stroke of luck that I had no means of foretelling the orchestral sound of the opening of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. A more vivid first experience of orchestral sounds cannot be conceived. The facts are both elementary and intensely surprising. Widor, in his delightfully stimulating work on instrumentation has wittily traced the young musician's progress in the appreciation of orchestral values. It begins with what is known to English musicians as the 'kitchen department,' an exquisite refinement of Bottom's favourite 'tongs and bones' ranging from the big drum to the glockenspiel. From this it passes, let us hope quickly, to an extreme veneration for the harp, which detains the student more or less according to whether he has an inexperienced or an experiencing nature. It then dwells for a while, as it did in Beethoven's own case, among the wind instruments with their fixed and vivid differences of tone-colour, and it becomes ripe only with the growing consciousness of the inexhaustible and unfatiguing beauties of string tone. I had already had the advantage of being awakened betimes to the transcendental light of common day diffused by the string quartet; but what further enlightenment was needed the Beethoven Concerto supplied with a systematic efficiency which I can find in no other work of art. Consider the facts as they presented themselves to my ear almost in the exact order traced by Widor, with the exception of the harp, the presence of which would have been an unmitigated nuisance. (No sane composer would introduce into a violin concerto an instrument so destructive to the attention, and I cannot help it if the harp is prominent in a well-known half-witted violin concerto by a virtuoso eminent in his own day.)

Well, here begins Beethoven's Violin Concerto with a mysterious summons to attention by means of a simple rhythmic figure on a drum, a musical note completely detached from all other orchestral experiences. On the top of this, Parratt's pupil suddenly heard a mass of organ-like harmony that sounded as if the organ had become as alive and human as Parratt himself. I believe there are people who have discovered that, if the conductor allows the wind-players to play like pigs, this opening can be made to sound quite nasty. Classical orchestration is severely criticised on these lines nowadays by bright young men and dull old men who will certainly bury six of their own children by way



of qualifying themselves for seeing their grandchild through an attack of croup. All scoring can be made to sound bad if you do not know the composer's style. In the 'nineties it was assumed that Brahms could not orchestrate and that Tschaikowsky and Dvorák were infallible. Brahms will not sound well in the hands of a conductor to whom Wagner is the only normal composer; and composers as reckless and untidy as Dvorák and Tschaikowsky will sound as magnificent as Brahms only if the conductor is brought up to believe that it is his duty to make them so. Beethoven is an untidy artist, though not as untidy as many people seem to think; but he is uncannily accurate in his violin concerto, and I had the good luck to begin my orchestral experience with a first-rate performance of it. After the shock of hearing the radiant tones of these wind instruments extended over the mysterious bass of the drums, how could the subtleties of orchestral string tone be more impressively put before me than by the mysterious D sharp with which the violins enter? And what could be more lucky for me than the fact that the D sharp itself had already aroused my curiosity, so that there was no danger of my losing the effect of the strings in a general dazzle of new experiences? Children must be allowed to lose definite impressions in such a dazzle; and nothing could be worse than spoiling their chances of enjoyment, as well as their hopes of constructing their own impressions, by submitting them to the equivalent of a Fairchild-family examination on the contents of Sunday morning's sermon. I remember that either before or after my experience of the Violin Concerto I heard Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*; and that, although I had been much excited by what I could make of the vocal score, I came away from the performance over-ready for bed and made the illuminating comment that 'it was a curious drum-part.' This did me no harm, and the comment was obviously correct, though I did not see the point of Beethoven's drums of war in his *Dona nobis pacem*.

Returning to the Violin Concerto, let me point out that my best chance of early appreciating the beauties of string tone was supplied by the fact that the composition is a violin concerto and that the long-deferred entry of the solo violin gave me the most vivid possible experience of the contrast between the tone of one violin and the tone of an orchestral mass of strings. In his admirable treatise on instrumentation, which follows Widor's line of experience and begins with the 'kitchen' department, passing gradually to the higher and more universal ranges of the orchestra, Mr. Cecil Forsyth observes that in a concerto an absurd effect is often produced when the solo violin has given out a phrase which is afterwards taken up by the strings of the

orchestra, who seem immediately to demonstrate: 'This is how it ought to sound.' This is the sort of experience that ought not to happen, and I was lucky in beginning with the experience of a concerto in which nothing of the kind does happen. Some of the difficulties in training the musical imagination come from two facts: first, that the glorious normalities of the classics are rare in comparison with the commonplace errors of most composers, ancient or modern; and secondly, that we take the classics for granted by accepting them as commonplaces before we have really allowed them to be granted to us at all. My early experience was lucky in that I was carefully protected from the experience of bad music, and that the experience of first-rate performances of great music was never so common as to cease to be a treat. Through no fault of Mr. Forsyth's, a great many students will read his wise remark about the difference between solo and tutti tone with the tacit assumption that Beethoven and Brahms were capable of blundering in that matter. It is not so easy to learn from the classics as you might think, for most of the lessons they teach are negative. A riddle which I always propound to my students is this: Q. What is it which we all wish to learn from the Great Masters, and why can we never learn it? A. How to get out of a hole. Because they never get into a hole.

My experience of armchair score-reading began with a natural discovery that the notes of the printed page recalled to me what I had heard with a vividness in proportion to that of the original experience. Children do not, or at all events need not, start upon such adventures either with an undue expectation of pleasures in store or with a damping scepticism; nor are they much depressed or resentful if part of the experience is boring. I soon found that in reading scores the difference between a score that I had heard and a score that was new to me became less and less; but I have always found that the pleasure depends on my memory of experienced sounds, though that memory naturally becomes generalised. There is no essential difference between the vividness of reading music and the vividness of reading literature; and most of the difference is in favour of music. I became very jealous for the reality of my musical imagination, and I was surprised to find myself laughed at for reading repeats, a habit to which I can at all events ascribe certain clear ideas as to what repeats and *da capos* are important and what are not. I was shocked to find later in life that many musicians do actually read music far too much as if it was ordinary literature. I read prose extremely fast, far too fast to find it worth while to skip; and the consequence is that, if I wish to read poetry or any literature where

rhythmic movement is important, I must read it aloud. With music I have from childhood assumed that the tempo is absolutely essential to the musical sense; and it horrified me to discover that there are musicians who are satisfied to take in the sense of an *adagio* by a quick glance along the printed lines. To me this procedure is not reading at all; it is merely looking to see if the stuff is worth reading. If I were thus to read with attention such an enormous proposition as the first sixteen bars of the slow movement of Beethoven's D minor Sonata, my imagination would definitely hear it as a minuet or scherzo. I cannot separate the general sense from the tempo, because I do not think there is any sense without the tempo. To understand those sixteen bars as a grammatical proposition which can be taken in at a glance while a generalised instantaneous notion of the slow tempo subsists at the back of one's mind seems to me as useless as to say that the soul is either blue or not blue. Moreover, I am convinced that a large category of errors, not only in students' compositions, but in second-rate works by composers of some standing, comes from failure to imagine the simple fact that if a passage that has been played at a fairly fast tempo is played four times as slow it will take four times as long.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties it was commonly supposed that young and otherwise reprehensible composers who might do well enough in scherzos always broke down when it came to slow movements; and their failure was ascribed to lack of sentiment and to the attempt to replace it by a display of ingenuity. The effect of these warnings against being young and otherwise reprehensible is that not even the most reprehensible of us has often shown the slightest need for them. I believe that in the majority of amiable, if unconvincing, school works at the end of the nineteenth century the slow movements will be best, and that the worst and most artificial movements will be the scherzos. Good finales are the rarest of all, and their deficiency I believe to come from lack of training in any sense of movement whatever. The commonest cause of failure in slow movements is that the composer has never imagined a slow tempo, either in his own works or in his reading of other music. I should be inclined, even in the absence of more interesting evidence, to regard it as a sign of promise in a young composer if he has the patience to play me a slow theme in a slow tempo. Composers' playing is proverbially bad and misrepresentative in its sketchiness, but I firmly believe that the sketchiest composer-player who presents a correct tempo in strumming a slow movement has the root of the matter in him.

Early in my adventures in score-reading I encountered a useful but

disconcerting experience. Playing from scores, as distinct from reading them, is a practice to which I owe much; and it was wisely controlled by being assumed to be rather a naughty diversion destructive to my legitimate pianoforte technique, but to be officially ignored on much the same principle according to which Eton masters considered that a boy was not out of bounds if on emerging from the tuck-shop he concealed himself, ostrich-like, from the master's eye by holding a teaspoon before his own eye. Now some scores are easier to play than others. Beethoven's *Serenade Trio*, Opus 8, almost instantly became a favourite pianoforte work for me, but I was disconcerted to find that I could hear nothing but pianoforte tone in it when I tried to read it to myself. This might seem too obvious to be worth recording as an experience, but it applies to the whole field of the musical imagination. Imagination will always follow the line of least resistance.

If you can overcome the difficulty of assembling its facts, the printed page will convey to you almost as vivid an impression as you have had from the actual sounds of the music. What is feeble in this impression may even be over-compensated by your discovery of details that you missed in listening to an actual performance; and these details are also those of remembered sounds, though the memory is of generalities not confined to the music before you. No two performances will bring exactly the same details vividly to your ear, as no two days or times of day present the same lights and shadows in a scene or building. But a well-imagined composition, like a well-imagined building, will make sense in every reasonably good presentation. The musician's capacity to imagine new combinations of sound is in no way inferior to the reading capacity of lovers of literature; and the data given to the musician by a full score are incomparably more exact and adequate than those given by the most readable printed presentation of a play.

Of course you must not expect from the musician feats of imagination which would be manifestly absurd to expect from the reader of literature. You may contrive to learn much of the grammar and vocabulary of a language without knowing the sounds of it. It is doubtful whether the finest and most philosophical of scholars can get nearer to the sound of classical Greek than the equivalent of an Englishman pronouncing French according to the phonetic chaos of English spelling. On such conditions not even the most insular of Englishmen would be satisfied with his enjoyment of French literature, even if he mastered the arithmetical rules of French prosody. But we are not justified in concluding that the enthusiasm of classical

scholars is a mere affectation. If I am confronted with a score in a language so private to the composer that I know no more of its sounds than an English scholar or a modern Greek without a classical education can know of the sounds of Homer, my impressions of that score will be vague and its construing too difficult an exercise to give me much pleasure. But one experience of an actual performance will, if the composer is a master, give me the freedom of his style once for all; and if he is not a master I shall probably have seen unmistakable symptoms of the fact in the mere appearance of the score.

It is notoriously unsafe to diagnose rashly from such symptoms. Berlioz is, with all respect to his more fanatical worshippers, not an advanced or adventurous master of harmony, except sporadically and capriciously; and the difficulties in imagining the effect of his scores mostly come from the fact that they look all wrong to a reader who has never heard Berlioz's orchestration. Some of the details are certainly wrong; as wrong as split infinitives or Malapropisms; and these will naturally attract a disproportionate attention from the score-reader who does not know Berlioz's style, and who is perfectly justified in refusing to believe that such features in the style of any of his own pupils indicate anything like Berlioz's talent. But, if you have heard, or still more have conducted, one representative score of Berlioz, there is not much in his orchestral resources that will not reveal itself to you by the printed page. Some things you cannot foresee, and I am not so very sure that Berlioz himself always foresaw them. The effect of six pairs of pianissimo cymbals in the *Sanctus* of the Requiem is incomparably more mysterious than anything that can be produced by a single pair; and the pedal notes of trombones in unison in the *Hostias* is not a thing the sound of which can be guessed by its appearance on paper. But it is ridiculous and mischievous to discourage the musician's imagination by citing details that are *ex hypothesi* quite outside the normalities of music in which every musician should keep himself fit. The experienced musician can recognise Berlioz's scoring at a glance, and Stanford tells us that he can also recognise at a glance its unfortunate influence on students who are not getting on with their proper work.

Once more to cite my own experience, this time more recent, I can assure the reader that the scoring of Sibelius, which looks almost as wrong-headed as Berlioz, seemed to me not only obviously masterly, but almost impeccable, long before I experienced it in actual performance, and that I have not found much trouble in discriminating between its occasional miscalculations and its chronic necessary

difficulties. With Strauss there is, of course, the difficulty of assembling the details of a complicated 'skyscraper' score, and of determining how much may be neglected of the all-pervading grit that results from his road-hog procedures through the rules of musical traffic; but I have found my experience as an ordinary concert-goer quite adequate to the purpose of guessing the general effect of a tutti by Strauss or by any modern master whose works are not too unpractical to be performed at all.

The experienced musician appreciates many qualities of tone and matters of musical sense at a glance, even with the most paradoxical and difficult scores. Sibelius is difficult to read only to those who have never heard his musical language, for his scores are drastically simple, and *Punch* has commented acidly on the scandalous overwork of the word 'bleak' by Sibelius's critics, whether friendly or hostile. The difficulty of reading very complicated scores is merely the difficulty of assembling them. It is nothing like the difficulty of reading literature in a foreign language of which your knowledge is in the travellers' phrase-book stage. Musicians themselves will doubt their own capacity to read modern scores if they compare their capacity with what is alleged in pious opinions instead of comparing it with the manifest difficulties of general reading. But I have already remarked on the possibility that some musicians have never discriminated between reading and glancing. What I have said about the duty of reading a slow movement slowly does not bind me to spend a whole minute over forty ticks of the slowest metronome measuring a paragraph which I can see at a glance to be rubbish; nor am I obliged to assume that every score that displays the grammatical blunders of Berlioz is inspired by Berlioz's genius.

There are well-defined circumstances in which a musician will genuinely prefer reading a score to hearing it, and there are few in which he will not derive from a single reading vivid impressions which only a large number of actual performances could attain. Conversely, there are impressions which a single performance will convey immediately, but which would take form only after many silent readings. And, of course, you cannot expect to imagine the sound of an instrument which you have not actually heard; though Wagner took the risk of composing the whole part of his bass trumpet throughout the *Ring* before the instrument had been invented, with the result that the makers of the instrument had to devise something almost cheap and nasty in principle and in quality of tone.

Over-indulgence in a-priori scepticism will soon leave us unable to discriminate between Wagner's practical miscalculations and the



ineptitudes of a composer with no imagination at all. It is unfortunate that we happen to know that Beethoven was deaf. This knowledge has led to a terrible perkiness in the orthodox attitude towards his scoring; a perkiness which Weingartner has nobly relegated to the limbo of 'things that are not done' by his exhaustive discussion of the retouchings that are necessary to bring Beethoven's scores into the condition in which the composer would have left them if he could have controlled the rehearsals. Beethoven's deafness would have been an irreparable disaster if, and only if, it had come upon him before he had accumulated a more intimate acquaintance with the actual sounds of an orchestra than Schubert attained in his whole lifetime. Practically, Schubert must be considered far deafer than Beethoven, for he never heard his own greater orchestral works at all. Brahms always refused to publish any work, whether for chamber music or orchestra, until he had heard a public performance of it. But none of the difficulties and limits of the score-reader's imagination are as serious as those of a general reader of literature. It is true that the time-element in music forbids anything analogous to a *coup d'œil*; for, as I cannot too often urge, to glance is not to read. The *coup d'œil* is perhaps the crowning glory of architectural joy, but its nearest aesthetic equivalent in music can exist only in the memory, fresh or remote, of a finished performance that cannot have been short. As a person ignorant of architecture, though perhaps not incapable of enjoying it, I confess myself quite unable to understand in what sense one can know a cathedral, either as a whole or in detail, unless by the accumulated experiences of a lifetime. Accumulated experience is necessary for knowing any work of art whatever. The *coup d'œil* is a fortunate asset to architecture, but it can never deal with more than one aspect of a building at a time, and the eye has no such guidance for assembling the impressions of architecture in a proper order as is given to the ear by the time-sequences of music.

On the whole, then, I come to the conclusion that to those who can enjoy it at all music is not more difficult, but easier, to enjoy than most arts, whether in performance or in silent reading; and that the chief obstacles to the enjoying of great music and to the composing of enjoyable music come from habits that dull the imagination. My first and last advice to students of composition, even in the humblest of exercises, is that they should write what they can hear. If anyone, whether inexperienced or experienced, tells me that he wonders how such and such an experiment will sound, I can tell him that, if his wonder is an ordinary doubt and not a Socratic irony, his passage will sound fluffy and hollow, these being the almost invariable qualities

that result from unimaginative breaches of rule. Nobody is ever in doubt about the sound of a passage that keeps the rules. If it has not been imagined, it will be dull, though cleaner than ditch-water. If it has been imagined, it may be as vivid as the opening of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, even if it is as unoriginal as Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

Neither as admirers nor as critics of Berlioz must we be misled by him. His grammatical solecisms will always loom disproportionately large in the imagination of even the most experienced score-reader, because it is hardly possible to be a score-reader without wondering how such blunders are compatible with a sensitive ear; and, as a matter of fact, Berlioz has left abundant proof in his criticisms that his capacity for reading harmony was very small. His crusade against appoggiaturas and his detestation of the chromatic style of Wagner are not manifestations of academic prejudice, such as he himself was the first to ridicule, but simple demonstrations of what he could not read. Charles Hallé tells us in this connexion that, when Berlioz was scoring Weber's *Invitation à la Danse*, Berlioz came to him in great bewilderment at Weber's quite ordinary enharmonic return from C major to D flat, and was surprised and relieved to find that when Hallé played it it sounded all right. But, in spite of limitations and solecisms, the experienced score-reader can see at a glance that Berlioz imagined with uncanny accuracy the sound of everything he wrote. It is not true that the solecisms sound well; and, though it is true that every attempt to correct them will sound commonplace, it is not true that Berlioz's style would not be better without them. His ear is simply defective on these points, exactly as Mrs. Browning's ear is defective in 'her inability either to achieve or to avoid rhyme.' And there is no wisdom in inventing special theories of assonance or of 'apostleship of the fundamental bass' in order to glorify such defects. The Berlioz hagiology has gone so far as to express regret that Cherubini did not grant Berlioz's application for the Chair of Harmony at the Paris Conservatoire. The tyranny of an orthodox pedant is bad enough without being aggravated by Cherubini's bad temper; but it would be enlightened liberty compared with the tyranny of an unteachable composer of genius who built infallible doctrines on every result of the defects of his own education. The average student shows a healthy spirit if he is puzzled by a teaching which imposes upon him the orthodox rules of strict counterpoint without telling him that, while they are true of unaccompanied vocal music, there are conditions of instrumental scoring in which they become false. He must be trained to recognise very fine distinctions of harmonic progression,

true for all qualities of tone, just as Shaw's Eliza Doolittle must practise her natural talent for recognising and imitating every nuance of vowel and consonant in Professor Higgins's thousands of phonograph records before her Pygmalion can present her at a royal garden party. But the well-trained elocutionist does not believe that every correctly-placed aspirate can blow out a candle; and the musician with a delicate ear for harmony is not he who is in danger of lockjaw whenever it is possible by a counting of intervals to detect that two parts have moved in forbidden consecutives. Unfortunately, there are such people. I remember that some thirty years ago one such musician contributed to a learned musical journal an article on Bach's breaches of rule. He himself had written fugues in quadruple counterpoint which looked impressive enough on paper to produce glowing testimonials from eminent musicians who ought to have known better. His quadruple counterpoint was wrong from beginning to end, because its themes all moved at the same pace and were not transparent to each other; whereas every example that he cited as licentious in Bach happened to illustrate perfectly the real principles which the rules attempt to codify. I owe to this innocently terrible person much of my impulse to investigate these principles for myself; and at the time I began a detailed article by way of rejoinder. But I had not proceeded far before I felt that the doctrines to be refuted were too silly to be associated with the difficult demonstration I was projecting; and I was very glad when in the next issue of the journal a *Musikgelehrte* dismissed the attack on Bach in three snorting sentences. It is a pity that one cannot say that the day for such controversies has passed. All that has happened is that the ground has shifted, and I am not sure that the present state of things is not worse than in the times when orthodoxy was impenetrable. But the impenetrable orthodoxy and the present chaos are equally amenable to treatment by score-reading.

Let us, then, follow the line of least resistance and quickest progress, as the classical masters did; but remembering, as they did, that the line of least resistance must be that of our own progress and not of mechanical transportation through tunnels and over clouds. Gramophones and broadcasting will do much for us, but only if we do still more for ourselves. Let us learn our vocabulary by achieving fluent figured-bass playing and score-reading at the keyboard, and let us stock our imaginations by using printed scores to remind us of what we have heard and enable us to learn many times more than we can hear in a lifetime. There is as much sense as satire in Mr. Belloc's pseudo-scientific aspiration: 'Oh, let us never, never doubt What

nobody is sure about!' In his treatise on novels Mr. E. M. Forster has devoted a chapter to proving that nobody can read a novel. But he has written many readable ones himself. I am quite certain that I shall never know a cathedral, though I enjoy assembling my impressions of it. I claim a conductor's knowledge of Wagner's *Ring* as a whole, though the occasions when I have had time to read the four operas continuously, even in the enforced leisure of cross-continental railway journeys, are as rare as my leisure for hearing actual performances. Such passages as Mime's fit of terror after the exit of the Wanderer must be known before they can be read: at all events a reader who has not heard them would have a long labour before his assembling of the facts could lead him to a coherent guess at their effect. And scores that consist mainly of such passages do not often convey ideas worth the labour of armchair reading without the help of remembered performances. A reader whose musical diet consists of what Stanford called 'fish-sauce' may perhaps get vivid impressions from them while the scores of Tallis and Palestrina convey nothing but grammatical abstractions to him, as he never listens to pure polyphony in a vaulted building. Familiarity is the root of the matter, and its first condition is that it must not be of the kind that breeds contempt. A person for whom the bed-rock elements of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, or the pages for strings and a few occasional wind instruments in the first scene of *Die Walküre*, have lost their vividness, will impart to the most modern fish-sauces the same dulness that pervades my poor old exercise for the Doctorate of Music. But at any stage, early or late in one's musical experience, a sceptical analysis of one's imaginative powers may paralyse them as effectively as the centipede was paralysed by being asked which foot he put down first.

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

## PHILIP NAPIER MILES—COMPOSER

WHEN the history of English music comes to be written the name of Philip Napier Miles will find a definite place in it, possibly a more prominent place than most people of the present day would assign to it. By the writing of history I do not mean here the compilation of a book recording names, dates and works of composers, but rather that living history written in the minds of men when a past period is reviewed, its aims and efforts, successes and failures, are weighed, its total output examined and its most characteristic product revived without respect to the personal reputations which its authors bore during life. That is the kind of history now being written of the music of the Elizabethan period which passed the turn of the century and still flourished under the first Stuart dynasty. One would not like to predict how long it will be before the music which began in the late Victorian era and was fulfilled in the neo-Georgian will be ripe for a similar historical revaluation. That it cannot be so treated in our life-time is obvious, and it would be idle to attempt to anticipate the verdict. There is no intention here of claiming an equal importance for this late period with that of three hundred years earlier, or of asserting that the subject of this article was among its leading figures. But his position was unique, his character was exceptional and, while he was very much the product of his time, he was not engulfed in its habits and conventions. He did not, like its leading figures from Sullivan to Elgar, write for the audiences of his day. His chosen form was the opera, and that meant writing for a stage which did not exist, and for a wholly hypothetical audience.

Napier Miles lived outside professional musical circles. He did little to impress himself on his contemporaries, indeed he was withheld from doing so by his circumstances which were those of a large landowner in that corner of Gloucestershire bounded by the Severn, the Avon and the City of Bristol. He inherited from his father the estate of King's Weston, to which it may be remembered that Jane Austen's Mrs. Elton 'explored' in the barouche-landau of her brother, Mr. Suckling. The reasons for the exploration were that King's Weston House is one of the most beautiful smaller specimens of Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture, that it stands nobly on an eminence from which its woods and parkland slope gently to the shores

of the Bristol Channel, and that its dignity is completed by its spacious and well-stocked walled gardens. That was Napier Miles's home until his death on July 19, 1935. His care for it and for all who shared it with him was one of the chief preoccupations of his life; indeed, during his ownership King's Weston was the outward symbol of his intense love of all beautiful things, amongst which music stood pre-eminent. Such an environment for a composer suggests dilettantism, but Napier Miles was no dilettante. He has left behind him six operas, three unperformed and four unpublished, with a quantity of other works, which, whatever their intrinsic value may be, show him to have been as serious an artist and as steadily progressive in his style as if he had been the genius in a garret beloved by imaginative journalists.

Nobody helps a man of that kind, and if he helps himself he is suspect of using his wealth to secure an artistic position which he could not have reached without it. Napier Miles preferred not to help himself. He went on quietly writing music and developing his inner artistic life, while his wealth and his worldly position were constantly used to help others. What he did for music in general and for certain young musicians in particular is not the concern of this article. Some recollection of it was expressed by the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University when a commemorative concert of Napier Miles's chamber and orchestral works was given there on May 7 last, and its record may be gleaned from the files of old newspapers, a few works of reference such as *Grove's Dictionary*, but most of all from the careers of certain musicians still living.

When he died Napier Miles bequeathed his manuscripts with one copy of each of his printed works, together with his general musical library, to the University of Bristol. There will be found kept together all the material for appraising his contribution to the music of his time which the musicians of the future will need when they get to the work of recreating the history of the past. Arrangements are being made for the proper use of any of the unpublished material which may be required for performance at any time, but, since unknown musical works stored in a university library are little likely to attract attention, it seems suitable that some public record should be made of the contents of the collection, and that is to be attempted here.

The quantity of Napier Miles's purely instrumental music is very small. There is a sonata for violin and piano which was printed privately and the manuscript full score of a symphony in C (together with a copied score but no parts) which is described as 'No. 1,' but never had a successor. These date from his student years, the sonata



even suggests that his studentship was at an early stage, and it is certain that the composer never had any wish later to bring either out of the cupboard in which they reposed. A 'Lyric Overture—From the West Country,' also an early work, has had a certain amount of currency in performance. It was given about thirty years ago at a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert under Henry Wood and this was the first introduction of the composer's name to a London audience. In recent years it has been broadcasted from the Western Regional, and, played by the City of Bristol Orchestra under Maurice Alexander, it ended the commemorative concert above referred to. The overture claims by its title a local habitation not very forcibly expressed in the character of the music itself, and is chiefly interesting as the starting point from which that progress in style already mentioned was taken. It was written before the folk-song movement and the national revival had begun to work themselves into the idiom of English composers. What these things did for Napier Miles is shown in his only other piece for orchestra alone, a Fantasia on two Elizabethan themes (from the madrigals of Morley and Weelkes). Of this there are two scores, one obsolete, in the Bristol collection. A copied full score and parts are with Messrs. Curwen. The Fantasia was first played under Adrian Boult at Bristol at a concert which formed the prelude to the opera season there initiated by Napier Miles in the autumn of 1926. It was repeated shortly afterwards in London at a concert of the Bach Choir conducted by Vaughan Williams, was given under Percy Hull at the Hereford Festival of 1927, and was broadcasted from the London studio by the B.B.C. orchestra under Adrian Boult in the spring of last year.

Having heard these four performances I can honestly express my surprise that there have not been forty. At the last of them which I heard by wireless the outstanding feature seemed the lightness, brilliance and charm of the orchestration. There was none of the muddiness which so often ruins broadcasts of orchestral music, and this could only be due, apart from the merits of the playing, to the fact that the composer had completely outgrown the traditional Teutonic manner of handling the orchestra to which he was brought up. Moreover, the Elizabethan themes are expanded and developed in their own character. The work is quite original and yet bridges the centuries as few modern works based on ancient themes do. The measure of Napier Miles's growth can be taken by comparing the early Overture and the late Fantasia.

Apart from the operas his vocal music consists of songs with piano accompaniment, including two sets of 'Battle Songs' (published by

Acott and Curwen) the product of the war, a few with orchestra, a set of four songs with oboe, that is duets between baritone voice and oboe without piano (words by Robert Bridges) and a setting of Keats's 'To Autumn' for baritone voice, oboe, clarinet and string quartet; a variety of unaccompanied partsongs, some written for and dedicated to the Avonmouth Choral Society which Napier Miles founded, others produced by the more famous Bristol Madrigal Society; three short works for choral voices and orchestra, as follows:

'Hymn before Sunrise' (Swinburne). Vocal score published by Boosey.

'Ode on a Grecian Urn' (Keats). Vocal score published by the Oxford University Press.

'Music Comes' (John Freeman). Vocal score published by Boosey.

Full scores of these three are in the Bristol collection. Scores and parts for performance are obtainable through the publishers.

It would be impossible here to discuss in detail all this side of Napier Miles's work, and the fact that the bulk of it is published, with the important exception of 'To Autumn,' makes it unnecessary to do so. But it should be said that it all shows his ready response to verbal rhythms and accent, and the best of the songs, whether solo or choral, show a remarkable flexibility of musical style. The composer as it were tuned himself instinctively to the mood of the poem and expressed it in a finished musical form. In them appears the true art of the musical miniaturist, and if posterity should be content to leave the weightier scores lying on the shelf, it can hardly fail to gather a bouquet from such blooms as 'Names' (Coleridge), 'Overheard on a Salt Marsh' (Harold Monro), and 'The Sorrows of Mydath' (John Masefield). This is to name a few songs which have not yet appeared in print. The oboe songs and 'My Master hath a garden' (published O.U.P.), some part songs 'Rose cheek'd Laura' and 'Nocturn' (Stainer & Bell) and 'The Belfry' (O.U.P.), are already available evidence of the composer's versatility of handling.

Of the larger vocal works, two, 'To Autumn' and 'Music Comes,' have a personal character which may be described as autobiographical. In the one Keats had pictured the 'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' that Napier Miles knew from childhood in his West Country home. When the work was first rehearsed one of the players exclaimed, 'But this is the music of King's Weston.' Napier Miles had tried to write the music of King's Weston years before in the 'Lyric Overture' and had failed. He had no special thought of doing so in setting Keats, but his surroundings had coloured

and enriched his music, just as the suns and mists of two hundred years had enveloped and coloured the very stones of Vanbrugh's house till it had toned itself into the landscape. 'To Autumn' has been sung by Gilbert Bailey in London and in Bristol several times, and I cannot resist the suggestion that the peculiar sympathy of his interpretation has been influenced by that time in the war when King's Weston was his home and the home of many who found refreshment and renewed health in its ample embrace.

'Music Comes' is the only one of Napier Miles's larger works written directly for a special kind of performance. It is dedicated 'To Rutland Boughton and the members of the Glastonbury Festival School.' Napier Miles was deeply interested in Boughton's courageous effort to found a native festival of drama, opera and ballet at Glastonbury, and this 'choral dance for tenor solo, female chorus and small orchestra' was written as a contribution to its repertory. It was actually first produced by the members of the Glastonbury School at the 'Old Vic,' Arthur Jordan singing the important tenor solo. Apart from that its rare performances have been in the concert rooms of London and Liverpool, and the latest of them was at the University Concert in Bristol last May, when Arthur Jordan was again the solo singer. Without the stage the significance of the instrumental dance rhythms tripping across the smoother movement of the choral voices is not quite apparent. When those rhythms are seen as well as heard,

'Then all those airs  
Sweetly jangled—newly strange  
Rich in change . . .'

become knit together in a delicately devised web of sound and sight, and, through them all, 'Music Comes.'

But it is time to turn to the operas. If it is asked: why opera, why did a man of this delicate imagination and highly-strung poetic sense choose to labour in that mundane and generally barren field of artistic enterprise? the answer seems to be that Napier Miles was fascinated by the variety of human interest with which music can only make close contact through the stage. He had naturally been imbued with the Wagnerian doctrine of 'Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft' in his young days of musical study in Dresden. His life-long friend and teacher, Hubert Parry, had shocked Gloucestershire society by a similar acceptance of Wagnerism, but he definitely turned away from the stage as a vehicle for his own music. Napier Miles was to outgrow much of the Wagnerian doctrine, but the further he

departed from it the more tenacious was his conviction that the future of English music lay in the opera house, and that without an established English opera, different no doubt from both Italian and German conceptions of opera but equally positive, all that renaissance of English music which his generation had witnessed must be stillborn. His whole life was fraught with a vision of the possibilities of the English operatic future. It was almost as though Vanbrugh having built and managed the Queen's Theatre, Handel's opera house, in the Haymarket, had built into the stones of King's Weston some sprite of dramatic fantasy, which peeped over the shoulder of the modern owner of the house, and perpetually urged him to fulfil, what Vanbrugh and Handel and all the pioneers of the eighteenth century had failed to realise, the need for an English operatic life.

That was the meaning of the seasons he organised, first at Shirehampton, a village opera modelled on the pioneer work of Boughton at Glastonbury, then more professionally at Clifton and in the old Theatre Royal of Bristol. The last of these in 1926 was memorable for a production of *Così fan tutte* which revived English interest in that work. It also produced for the first time Falla's *Puppet show of Master Pedro*. The English repertory at Clifton and Bristol included Stanford's *The Travelling Companion*, Ethel Smyth's *Entente Cordiale*, Vaughan Williams's *Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains* and Purcell's *Dido*, together with operas by Napier Miles himself as described below.

The six are as follows : —

*Queen Rosamond* (book by John Pollock). M.S.

*Westward Ho!* (book by E. F. Benson). M.S.

*Fireflies* (one of the ' Little Comedies ' of Julian Sturgis). M.S.

*Markheim* (book arranged by the composer from the story by R. L. Stevenson). Curwen.

*Good Friday* (play by John Masefield). O.U.P.

*Demeter* (book by T. Sturge Moore). M.S.

*Queen Rosamond* and *Westward Ho!* both full sized works, represent that stage in the composer's development exemplified by the West Country Overture, but together they represent it much more forcibly. Had there been forty years ago a permanent opera in England on the look out for the promising works of native composers, such an institution as Carl Rosa attempted to establish in the 'eighties of the last century, either of these might have gained a hearing and created a strong impression, incidentally giving the composer an experience which would have stood him in good stead later on. Both

are in the fashion of that time; *Queen Rosamond*, 'grand' opera considerably influenced by the earlier Wagnerian manner, *Westward Ho!* romantic opera, with suggestions of local colouring finally worked out in a reflective Epilogue on Lundy Island. The finale alone of *Queen Rosamond*, including the scene in which the Queen is forced to drink from her father's skull, has been heard, and that was only with piano accompaniment at Shirehampton. Well sung by Gabrielle Vallings and Clive Carey it showed that it offers occasion for big singing, but, as was remarked at the time, one heard only an exciting climax and not how the climax was reached. It is impossible to judge what the opera as a whole would be like. It may be guessed that to the present generation it would appear completely outmoded. It may, however, have some value to one less concerned with the modes of to-day and of yesterday.

*Westward Ho!*, for which E. F. Benson compressed Charles Kingsley's novel with difficulty into the scope of a three act opera, was given a couple of performances at the Lyceum Theatre in London in the spring of 1913. It was not part of any regular opera season, and the production was of the usual makeshift kind which English composers have to snatch at in order to hear their work at all, but which generally proves to be the grave of all their hopes. In spite of all defects, however, the imaginative handling of the story in music, the charm of the songs and the composer's sense of the musically picturesque, left an impression which has lasted through more than twenty years during which I have not again heard a note of the music. At the time I had heard very little of Napier Miles's music, but *Westward Ho!* determined me to hear more of it as occasion offered.

The pair of short one-act operas, *Fireflies* and *Markheim*, are in an altogether different category. With them the composer rid himself completely of what may be called the international operatic conventions. He set himself to render his subjects into the music suitable to them with the freedom which he had by this time learnt to bring to the song-form.

*Fireflies* is in fact a scherzo for two voices; lovers, who, having parted, are drawn back to the scene of former revels and rediscover one another on a moonlit terrace of an Italian villa where a masked ball is in progress. The author prefaces his play with the following description of the setting:

The long row of windows is yellow with the festive light within, and yields gay music softened to the summer night: before the windows the broad terrace is mysterious under the rising moon:

and far below dreams the old river, and the shadows fade from her. Ancient and grim is the city with her palaces and prisons. Here on the terrace is a young woman, masked and musing; there is a young man, musing and masked. She speaks.

Bice and Bino talk of one another, sigh for past pleasures, meet and exchange banter from behind their masks, play at making love, and are at cross purposes until the masks come off, the mutual discovery is made, and they flit away together out of the moonlight. It is a theme which calls for music and defies opera. Every word must be heard, every repartee must make its point; Bice and Bino must sing but never declaim. They are fireflies whose wings glint in the moonlight, creatures of the night whose joys and sorrows, loves and hates, pass as lightly as those of the night moths by candle light. When the little opera was tried at Clifton it was found that to make it a success the orchestra and the voices would have to rehearse together as meticulously as does a string quartet. No conductor could 'pull through' a half-studied performance, for the whole depends on a subtle interplay of rhythms of a kind belonging to chamber music rather than to the opera house. A compromise had to be made by giving *Fireflies* with piano accompaniment only, and only in that form has it been heard. Carefully studied and played in a little theatre, one can imagine its gossamer texture having delightful effect, but it is a case of perfection or nothing.

*Markheim* is a very different case. It is simple in style and so obviously practicable that its neglect would be matter for surprise if one had any surprise left for the fate of any English opera. Beside the local performances *Markheim* actually attained one in London, at a charity matinée organised by Johnstone Douglas. The core of Robert Louis Stevenson's story is in the dialogue, for it is through his conversation with the mysterious visitor that Markheim is brought to self-knowledge, views with horror his crime of violence and reaches his ultimate decision.

'If I be condemned to evil acts,' he said, 'there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing I can lay it down.'

Napier Miles took Stevenson's dialogue as it stands and clothed it with music, trusting to that and the stage scene and action to make the story clear. The method is completely successful, but it is one which could scarcely have been taken with any other story. Two throbbing chords (disjunct sevenths) alternate in the opening scene. They suggest the eeriness of the dealer's closed shop on the Christmas afternoon as the old man bends over his account books, his occupation interrupted by Markheim's intrusion. They also provide a basis for



the remarkable harmonic texture which shows the composer able to advance far beyond the accepted harmonic processes of his youth. The harmony of *Markheim* sounded 'modern' when it was first composed; it must always sound individual and germane to its subject-matter. The jangling peals of bells, the children's carol ('Good King Wenceslas') heard from a distance, the clamour of striking clocks which enhance the madness of Markheim after the murder, are picturesque details worked into this consistent harmonic texture. At last, when

'The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph, and, even as they brightened faded and dislimned,'

the music is clarified into broad diatonic strains which are a convincing commentary on the situation as Stevenson's words depict it. The name part of *Markheim* was sung by Steuart Wilson for whom it was written and who made an extraordinarily subtle study of the character. The Visitor was admirably sung first by Clive Carey and later by Arthur Cranmer.

The remaining pair of operas, both large-scale works, have never had any performance. *Good Friday*, a music drama in two acts, is a verbatim setting of John Masefield's play. The vocal score has been published (O.U.P.) and the whole of the orchestral material is obtainable from the publishers for performance. It was the hope of the composer that it might be given a stage performance in a cathedral such as Canterbury, and a note in the score records that hope, though it also mentions the possibility of performance in a church oratorio-wise. The latter, however, is not to be recommended, for the whole style of the piece is dramatic, and musical drama without stage action is only half alive. Given the right conditions, and they would be difficult to obtain for the work demands experienced operatic singers and a large orchestra, *Good Friday* should produce a powerful impression. There can be no doubt of the reverence with which the composer has handled the theme. As the score is available for study the contents and character of *Good Friday* need not be described here. It will be more to the point to say something of Napier Miles's last opera, finished only in the year before his death, which cannot otherwise be known than by recourse to the collection of his manuscripts at Bristol.

He had now made three essays (*Fireflies*, *Markheim*, *Good Friday*) in the musical setting of existing literature, and he felt an overpowering desire to create something even more directly the product of his own abiding sense of beauty. That sense found peculiar

satisfaction in the Greek myths, and the winters which he spent in Italy, and particularly his delight in the Greek statuary of the Terme and Vatican collections in Rome, stimulated his imagination in that direction. He became fascinated by the story of Demeter and Persephone of the Homeric Hymn, and by the presentation of it and its implications given by J. G. Frazer in 'The Golden Bough.' He called in the help of T. Sturge Moore to provide a text, and the result was *Demeter, an Eleusinian Mystery* which ultimately became shaped into an opera in four acts.

It must be insisted that Napier Miles's *Demeter* is not just one more in the long line of grand operas on mythological subjects in which gods and goddesses are the principal characters and their actions are presented as those of exceedingly fallible human beings. Nor because it opens with Zeus swearing an oath to Aidoneus which later on he rescinds using Hermes as his messenger need there be talk of Wotan and Loge over again. The Scandinavian and the Greek mythologies contain certain themes in common, but whatever Napier Miles may have succeeded or not succeeded in doing with the Greek he has certainly not Wagnerised it.

The aim here has been not the suggestion of a personal philosophy under the symbol of legend, but an enactment of the mystery. That complicates the issues and produces a plot which a conventionally-minded operatic manager would probably condemn at sight as confused. For example, Demeter's search for Persephone is matched by the peasant woman's search for a daughter ravished from her by pirates. The divine experience is reflected in the human, and the former is discussed as an event long past even in the course of its enactment. Again the episode in which Demeter seeks to immortalize the child, Demophoön, by placing him in flames and feeding him with ambrosia, may be called impossible or even absurd from the practical point of view, nor will Demeter's vision of him 'as a fully grown and beautiful youth' singing in a tenor voice help to clarify the situation to a literal-minded audience. The thing may be as completely beyond the possibilities of the theatre as it is obviously beyond the kind of explanation by a 'synopsis' in the programme on which the average opera-goer has learnt to depend. But that is not due to any confusion in the composer's mind. The clue to his point of view is found in Demeter's lines,

'We gods must ever recommence the past:  
Immortal life is deeds retold in deeds,'

or in the flippant song of Hermes,

' Truth 'tis, time shows nor gap nor suture,  
Laugh if you will, shed merry tears.  
I lately tripped down to the future,  
Soon shall skip back, four thousand years.'

Napier Miles imagined a very simple scenic design, mostly an arrangement of painted curtains, for the display of his mystery. Anything like realistic scenery would nullify the illusion he wished to create. The satyrs chasing the nymphs through the forest, the peasants dying in the snow, the ploughshare broken by the ground hardened under Demeter's curse of the earth, Persephone returning from the underworld of Aidoneus's court, bringing with her light and warmth and the glad return of spring, are alike to be suggested and imagined, not presented in matter-of-fact terms. Whether or not this is possible would seem to depend on the capacity of the music to transcend the limitations of stage technique.

Herbert Murrill made an excellent transcription for the piano of the orchestral score of *Demeter*, which will be found when needed along with the composer's own manuscripts at Bristol. It would be rash to prophecy a future for the work, but my own experience tells me that it contains music which ought not to be buried for ever in a library. It was intended for that English opera house which was the unrealisable dream of Napier Miles's life, which he could not, and probably none of us will, live to see. I know that I for one would wish to live to hear both his last two operas, and would be willing not to wait for ideal conditions if only they could be given with the care and insight that his subtle and imaginative sense of beauty demands. But even for that it may be necessary, like Hermes, to trip down to the future.

H. C. COLLES.

## NEW VERDI CORRESPONDENCE

A NEW collection of letters to and from Verdi, indispensable to students of the Master's work, has been published by the Reale Accademia d'Italia in two volumes, under the title of 'Carteggi Verdiani,' the selection and the editing having been entrusted to Alessandro Luzio, who was one of the editors in charge of the now famous 'Copialettere.'

Signor Luizo has had access to a great deal of new material at Busseto and elsewhere, and he has done his work exceedingly well. For the most part the letters are left to speak for themselves but, when necessary, he supplements the information contained therein by reference to standard biographies or to the 'Copialettere.'

Verdi's career up to the time of 'Ballo in Maschera' is not touched upon by these new letters, but it is worth pointing out that Signor Luzio confirms Gatti's chronology of the successive tragedies which came well nigh ruining Verdi's career at the very outset. All the biographers, including myself, have been led to believe that these took place during a period of only three months. It was not so: Virginia, Verdi's little girl, died at Busseto in 1838; Icilio, his little boy, and his first wife, Margherita Barezzi, died in Milan in 1839 and 1840 respectively. I wholly agree with Signor Luzio that the longer period must have made the strain greater rather than less.

The largest single collection of letters consists of those written to or by De Sanctis, a Neapolitan business man who was one of Verdi's most fanatical admirers. These throw a certain amount of new light on the ridiculous but maddening birth pains of 'Ballo in Maschera' as well as on musical conditions at Naples, but, to me, the main interest of the correspondence lies in its revelation of Verdi's typical, peasant-like attitude towards money. Poor De Sanctis, towards the end of life, got into financial difficulties, and Verdi had to help him out with a loan of 25,000 lire. Only a fifth of this was ever repaid, and on De Sanctis' death Verdi remitted the remainder of the debt. But it is exceedingly curious to notice how Verdi, almost in spite of himself, was affected by the incident. The correctness of his attitude was as indisputable as his generosity was undeniable; but the coldness that ensued between him and his old friend remains equally clear.

Typically, even when he remitted the debt in favour of De Sanctis' son, Verdi refused to declare that it had been discharged!

Included in the new letters are many from Giuseppina who, it is clear, played an even more useful and important part in Verdi's life than has usually been imagined. Apparently, she acted as a kind of secretary. It was she who translated scenarios, plays and novels, her collaboration in the case of 'Aida' being especially valuable. She corrected Verdi's French and toned down phrases liable to misconstruction in his Italian. One thing of primary interest to the Verdi student emerges from her letters. It was she, not Verdi, who weaned Teresa Stolz from Mariani. Thus, the whole imaginative fabric of a Verdi-Stolz intrigue constructed by imaginative biographers in Germany and Italy on this episode falls to the ground. I am particularly delighted at the establishment of the truth because, with the facts at my disposal at the time I wrote my book on Verdi, I had already come to the conclusion (there stated) that the whole thing was almost certainly moonshine.

To the general reader, however, the most interesting portions of these two large volumes will be those that deal with 'Otello' and 'Falstaff.' To begin with, Boito's character, his lack of confidence in himself as a composer, his progressively greater reliance on the rugged strength of old Verdi, his wonderful loyalty and imagination as a librettist, are made clear as never before. The collaboration between these two men is one of the epics of music, a model of what operatic collaboration should be. There is no space to describe in detail the fashioning of 'Otello' and 'Falstaff,' but the reader should note that Verdi had far more to do with the ultimate shape of the libretto of 'Otello' than has been hitherto known. It was he who was responsible for the duet in the First Act being uninterrupted, for the simplification of Boito's original version of the Willow Song, for the exceedingly felicitous simplification and condensation of the final scene. Incidentally, it is now clear that the music was practically finished on the 5th of October, 1885 but (Giuseppina tells us) the last note was actually written on All Saints' Day, 1886.

Verdi accepted Boito's libretto of 'Falstaff' almost exactly as it was written except for several cuts and two additions: Mistress Quickly's account of her interview with Falstaff, and, in the last act, Falstaff's boast of his responsibility for everybody's fun. Boito's letters about the opera, however, are of first-class importance; they should all be translated, for we see in them the motives which underlay many of his ideas, especially as regards Verdi's regenerative mission as regards music in general and the love episode between Fenton and Nannetta

in particular. I must confine myself to two. Here is an extract from one written on the 9th of July, 1889 :

You have desired all your life a fine comic opera theme; a sign that there exists in your brain a vein of art both noble and gay. Instinct is a good councillor. There is only one way to make a better end than with 'Otello': that is to make a triumphant end with 'Falstaff.'

Having explored the whole gamut of the passion and grief of the human heart, to finish with a great outburst of laughter! What a marvellous accomplishment!

So, dear Maestro, think again about the theme I sketched out for you; see if you can find in it the germ of a new masterpiece. If that exists, then the miracle is accomplished. In the meantime, let us pledge ourselves to the most scrupulous secrecy. I have not told anybody. If we work in secret, we work in peace. I await your decision which, as you wish, shall be free and definite. I must not influence you. Your decision will be in any case wise and resolute, whether you say 'enough,' or whether you say 'once more.'

Again, there is a letter which explains something that must have often worried English admirers of 'Falstaff':

Windsor is pronounced thus: 'Gaie comàri di Windsor e l'òis ecc.'

As you say, it is a hendecasyllable, with the accent on the 7th and 'Windsor' thus receives its correct accent. I think there exists no word in the English language with an accent on the last syllable. Ask Signora Giuseppina if this rule can be established; I have never seen it in any grammar, but believe it to be valid. And now I must confess that I have broken it once in your libretto, in a verse not far off the one I have just quoted. It is where Falstaff says: 'Quand 'ero-paggio, al Duca di Norfolk ero sottile ecc. ecc.'

The nature of this verse demands the accent on the 6th, while the word 'Norfolk' should really be accentuated on the first syllable like 'Windsor,' 'Falstaff' etc. I have tried several times to correct this verse, but if I got the accent right I spoilt the verse so between two evils I preferred the falsification of the accent.

I cannot leave Signor Luzio's fascinating volumes without calling attention to the large collection of Delficio's caricatures reproduced at the end of the first volume. These caricatures, of which I reproduced only four in my book, seem to me something like masterpieces. They certainly deserve a wider recognition than they have ever received.



## MISPRINTS AND ERRORS

Few authors can have escaped the mortifying experience of turning over the pages of their most recent work, fresh from the publishers, and finding some glaring misprint leap to the eye. What author has not suffered a shock of this kind? 'How,' he says to himself, 'could that have escaped me in reading the proof?' On second thoughts he seems to remember that he *did* correct that very word. Nevertheless, there it is! and what is more, here is another—and yet another! These must be noted for a second edition if ever the book is to be so honoured; there is now no remedy.

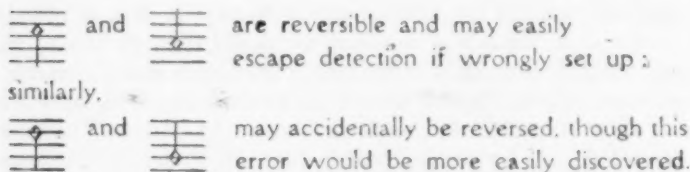
In the days before printing it was the scribe who made the occasional errors, and the process of proof-reading in the case of printed books has no parallel in manuscript; there it is a matter of  $\delta$  γέγραφα γέγραφα. For this reason the work of an Editor in dealing with manuscripts offers many a difficult problem; especially is this true with reference to early musical compositions.

But as regards the written word, apart entirely from music, there are errors, due in the first instance to the inevitable fallibility of the scribe; and some of these have found a permanent place in literature. A well-known example of this may be quoted from *Te Deum*, where some scribe in a moment of temporary aberration wrote *numerati* for *munerati*, and the English Version of the verse in consequence stands as 'make them to be numbered with thy Saints' instead of 'rewarded.' As for printed books, there are phrases in Shakespeare folios that can only be explained as misprints.

Misprints and errors in modern musical editions may be due to various causes. Firstly, the human element must ever be present, and editors themselves are bound occasionally to be guilty of error in transcription; and editorial fallibility must result in a certain proportion of oversights in the correction of proof. Secondly, the original text, whether printed or manuscript, contains a proportion of error, and the value of the editor's text is dependent upon his scholarship and discretion in dealing with the problem of doubtful or inaccurate readings. Thirdly, and this is perhaps the most fruitful source of error, the method of producing musical text by means of engraved plates provides no guarantee of accuracy for the following reason: The editor may see two, or even three, proofs and may be satisfied as to

the complete accuracy of the plates. He sees nothing more until the work is published. Meanwhile he has not seen the result of whatever corrections he may have made on the most recent proof submitted to him; but the plates have subsequently undergone an experience quite hazardous to the accuracy of the text; they have passed through the hands of the cleaner. This stage of the work is essential. Various scratches and 'dirty' marks have inevitably developed, which must be removed before the plates pass to the printing machine. The cleaner is not necessarily a skilled musician and he not infrequently will delete a dot to a minim or a crotchet, mistaking such a dot for a dirty mark on the plate. Worse than this, he will sometimes find that scratches or other marks cannot be cleaned off without taking out a note or two, or even a whole bar of the music, and re-engraving it. It will be recognised how easily this leads to error for which the composer or editor can have no possible remedy.

In dealing with the printed part-books of Elizabethan music one problem may be singled out from among others as providing an editorial difficulty. These books were set up in type, and occasionally a unit of type might accidentally be set upside down without readily being detected in the first place by a compositor and at a later date by an editor; for in some instances the note will 'construe,' taking a true harmonic position in a chord. For example,



It is not proposed here to touch on the difficult problems that confront an editor in reference to *musica ficta*. It may frankly be stated that no rigid laws on this subject, whether by Zarlino or anyone else, can be regarded as paramount. Discretion, based upon long experience, is the sole guide, and for this reason even experts will be found to disagree as to the insertion of accidentals not noted in the original text. Suffice it to say that three musicians of recognised standing have recently produced independent editions of a certain Elizabethan anthem with the accidentals differently treated by all of them.

The matter of misprints and errors had some concern for the

Elizabethan musicians themselves. Thomas Morley, in his *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Musicke*, when dealing with the subject of consecutive fifths, confessed that through an oversight he had been guilty of three 'pairs' in the printed edition of one of his *Canzonets to three Voices*. Such a passage occurs in his 'Love learns by laughing' in this set. And William Byrd in one of his early 'Epistles to the Reader' has some very suggestive remarks to make. He prepares the musicians of his day to expect something novel in the way of dissonances, and warns them not to explain these away as the printer's errors. And Byrd adds something on the subject that might well have been addressed to captious fault-finders of all time as contrasted with legitimate critics: 'If in the composition of these Songs there be any fault by me committed, I desire the skilfull, either with courtesie to let the same be concealed, or in friendlie sort to be thereof admonished: and at the next Impression he shal finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies that it is more easie to finde a fault then to amend it.'

E. H. FELLOWES

## REGISTER OF BOOKS ON MUSIC.

The following list contains a selection of recent books on music. All prices are net, and in the case of foreign books, the figure quoted is that at which the cheapest copy can be purchased in the country in which it is published.

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